

# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 214.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1831.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

In compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of General Literature and Useful Knowledge, this Paper has been REDUCED IN PRICE from *Eightpence* to *FOURPENCE*, at which rate *all the previous Numbers* may now be had.

## REVIEWS

TALES OF MY LANDLORD—Last Series: containing *Count Robert of Paris*, and *Castle Dangerous*. 4 vols. By the Author of 'Waverley.' 1831. Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Whittaker.

It is pleasant, in these dull and wintry times, to have two romances from the author of 'Waverley' to cheer and enliven us. It is now nigh mid-day of the thirtieth of November, and from this moment will the reading of all other books, and the pursuit of all professions, cease and be forgotten in the land, till the spell of the wizard has conducted the sons and daughters of man to the last page of this new book of enchantment. So was it with the world when 'Waverley' and its successors appeared; and so has it continued, with little or no abatement, to the present hour. In the regions of romance, whether domestic or historical, Scott has had no rival: nor has any one taken rank near him. One writer may match him in the management of a plot—a second may handle superstitious influences with better fortune—a third may equal him in delineating the simple manners of homely life—and a fourth may even surpass him in extracting a moral lesson from the events which he narrates; but who has united, like him, all those high qualities? not one. He has, as yet, been unapproached in the wondrous art of calling the dead into life, and in clothing them with the manners, and animating them with the sentiments, peculiar to their day; he has, as yet, been unequalled in drawing human character in every variety of rank and fortune. No one has touched so many sympathies, and enlisted among his admirers so many ranks—omitting none, from the peasant to the king. In Shakspeare—the greatest of all the world's poets—the range of character has its limits: his peasants are all born fools, and his yeomen, heroes of East Cheap, with the single exception of Williams; he has none to compare with the Gurths, the Dandie Dinmonts, the Headriggs, and the Ochiltrees of Scott. In human character these wondrous men stand unrivalled and alone.

Of the two romances contained in these volumes we shall, at present, examine only 'Count Robert of Paris.' The scene is laid in Constantinople—the time is the days of the Second Crusade—and the chief persons in the drama are princesses and paladins. There is great variety of human character, and picturesque groupings of all the leading nations and popular religions of the earth: we have the polished and wily Greek—the blunt and valorous Frank—the fierce and active Saracen—in short, the courtesy and villany of the finest civilization, and the blunt sincere simplicity of the demi-barbarous. Of all these, the most natural, as well as the

most heroic character, is Hereward of Hampton: one of those Saxons whom the stern policy of William the Conqueror had obliged to seek fortune where it was best found, and who, accordingly, transferred his courage and his hatred of the Norman name to the ranks of the Varangian guards of Alexius Comnenus, Emperor of Constantinople, where, at the commencement of the present tale, he has risen to some distinction. Premising so much, we may now briefly touch on the chief points of the romance.

While Princess Anna is reading that part of her history which records the repulse of the Saracens at Laodicea, to the Emperor and his generals, the Cæsar, Nicephorus Briennius, enters with the unwelcome news, that Godfrey and Bohemond, Robert of Paris and Robert of Normandy, chief leaders of the second Crusade, are on the point of entering the imperial territories on their way to the Holy Land. To elude such a visitation, or seek profit in it, occasions some plannings and plottings; but the rapid march of the Crusaders cuts short all deliberation: they enter the city; and, while the wily Alexius is studying to convert their visit into an act of homage, Robert of Paris, a fierce and chivalrous warrior, springs into the vacant throne, and his wolf dog sits quietly down on the cushion of the Cæsar. The subtle Greek smiles—persuades some through love of Jesus, and others through love of gold, to set sail on their expedition, and then inveigles Count Robert and his Amazonian spouse to an imperial conversation—an imperial banquet—and finally, to an imperial prison. The Count is put into a dungeon, with a chained tiger for his guard, and the Countess is carried to a palace, where she is exposed to the insolence and the love of the Cæsar, who, it seems, cared little for Anna Comnena, his blue-stocking spouse, and less for the Emperor, since he plotted against his life. Now all this was not unseen of Hereward of Hampton, who, hating the Norman, and desiring much to fight him in the cause of old England, yet generously relieves and conceals the Count, on condition, that he shall do battle with him on the Saxon feud, when required: he also takes measures to protect the Countess, and, moreover, has the sagacity to discover the treasonable plottings of the Cæsar, which he reveals to the Emperor. The French Camilla, to escape from the love of the Cæsar, challenges him to fight her on horseback; he accepts; but inserts her husband's name for her own, never doubting that Robert was in the custody of the tiger. When the lists are prepared, and the trumpet sounds, the barriers are found manned by Tancred and five hundred Franks, who braved the Greek fire to be present; and, what was as unexpected, Count Robert rushes upon the scene completely armed for strife.

The Cæsar's heart died within him at the sight; but his place is taken by Hereward, who claims the right of waging battle for the empire. Count Robert admits his right; leaps from his horse—seizes a Varangian battle-axe, and meets Hereward on foot. The battle is long and well contested: the Count obtains a slight advantage, but, out of admiration for a man so generous and so noble, pursues the strife no further, and makes him his friend. The romance concludes with the marriage of Hereward and Bertha, a British maiden, whom he had long loved, and with his establishment in England through the intercession of his friend Count Robert.

There is an English interest in the story, which lends a charm to the whole narrative; in Hereward, we acknowledge the dawn of the British gentleman, as in the Gurth of Ivanhoe we owned the future yeoman—his first appearance takes our heart at once:—

"One individual, however, seemed to indulge more wonder and curiosity than could have been expected from a native of the city, and looked upon the rarities around with a quick and startled eye, that marked an imagination awakened by sights that were new and strange. The appearance of this person bespoke a foreigner of military habits, who seemed, from his complexion, to have his birthplace far from the Grecian metropolis, whatever chance had at present brought him to the Golden Gate, or whatever place he filled in the Emperor's service.

"This young man was about two-and-twenty years old, remarkably finely-formed and athletic—qualities well understood by the citizens of Constantinople, whose habits of frequenting the public games had taught them at least an acquaintance with the human person, and where, in the select of their own countrymen, they saw the handsomest specimens of the human race.

"These were, however, not generally so tall as the stranger at the Golden Gate, whilst his piercing blue eyes, and the fair hair which descended from under a light helmet gaily ornamented with silver, bearing on its summit a crest resembling a dragon in the act of expanding its terrible jaws, intimated a northern descent, to which the extreme purity of his complexion also bore witness. His beauty, however, though he was eminently distinguished both in features and in person, was not liable to the charge of effeminacy. From this it was rescued, both by his strength, and by the air of confidence and self-possession with which the youth seemed to regard the wonders around him, not indicating the stupid and helpless gaze of a mind equally inexperienced and incapable of receiving instruction, but expressing the bold intellect which at once understands the greater part of the information which it receives, and commands the spirit to toil in search of the meaning of that which has not comprehended, or may fear it has misinterpreted. This look of awakened attention and intelligence gave interest to the young barbarian; and while the bystanders were amazed that a savage from some unknown or remote corner of the universe should possess a noble

countenance bespeaking a mind so elevated, they respected him for the composure with which he witnessed so many things, the fashion, the splendour, nay, the very use of which, must have been recently new to him.

"The young man's personal equipments exhibited a singular mixture of splendour and effeminacy, and enabled the experienced spectators to ascertain his nation, and the capacity in which he served. We have already mentioned the fanciful and crested helmet, which was a distinction of the foreigner, to which the reader must add in his imagination a small cuirass, or breastplate of silver, so sparingly fashioned as obviously to afford little security to the broad chest, on which it rather hung like an ornament than covered as a buckler; nor, if a well-thrown dart, or strongly-shod arrow, should alight full on this rich piece of armour, was there much hope that it could protect the bosom which it partially shielded.

"From betwixt the shoulders hung down over the back what had the appearance of a bearskin, but, when more closely examined, it was only a very skilful imitation of the spoils of the chase, being in reality a surcoat composed of strong shaggy silk, so woven as to exhibit, at a little distance, no inaccurate representation of a bear's hide. A light crooked sword, or scimitar, sheathed in a scabbard of gold and ivory, hung by the left side of the stranger, the ornamented hilt of which appeared much too small for the large-jointed hand of the young Hercules who was thus gaily attired. A dress, purple in colour, and sitting close to the limbs, covered the body of the soldier to a little above the knee; from thence the knees and legs were bare to the calf, to which the reticulated strings of the sandals rose from the instep, the ligatures being there fixed by a golden coin of the reigning Emperor, converted into a species of clasp for the purpose.

"But a weapon which seemed more particularly adapted to the young barbarian's size, and incapable of being used by a man of less formidable limbs and sinews, was a battle-axe, the firm iron-guarded staff of which was formed of tough elm, strongly inlaid and defended with brass, while many a plate and ring were indented in the handle, to hold the wood and the steel parts together. The axe itself was composed of two blades, turning different ways, with a sharp steel spike projecting from between them. The steel part, both spike and blade, was burnished as bright as a mirror; and though its ponderous size must have been burdensome to one weaker than himself, yet the young soldier carried it as carelessly along, as if it were but a feather's weight. It was, indeed, a skilfully constructed weapon, so well balanced, that it was much lighter in striking and in recovery, than he who saw it in the hands of another could easily have believed." i. 10—23.

It was much the practice of the Greeks, in those days, to fight battles by negotiation and gold, save when they met with the Saracens, who generally began their overtures with a shower of arrows and a charge of cavalry;—from one of these fields, the imperial army had, it seems, lately retreated, escaping rout and captivity, by the desperate valour of the Saxon guards. In honour of the imperial prowess, and the heroism of the army, the Princess Anna Comnena penned one entire chapter of her history, and, moreover, it was her pleasure to read it to her father and the generals during her conversation—to one of these recitations,† she had,

† It was the scene preparatory to this recitation, that we were so fortunate as to have it in our power to present to our readers as long ago as August—see No. 190. Our subscribers may find it pleasant to refer to that paper.

it seems, desired the presence of Hereward. Anna is one of the most accomplished of all blue-stockings; a bit of her history will be nearly as good as her portrait—only imagine a Princess some six and twenty years old, or so, seated on a purple sofa, raised a little above the floor, with her voice pitched to a historical key, reciting the following passage:—

"The sun had betaken himself to his bed in the ocean, ashamed, it would seem, to see the immortal army of our most sacred Emperor Alexius surrounded by those barbarous hordes of unbelieving barbarians, who, as described in our last chapter, had occupied the various passes both in front and rear of the Romans, secured during the preceding night by the wily barbarians. Although, therefore, a triumphant course of advance had brought us to this point, it now became a serious and doubtful question whether our victorious eagles should be able to penetrate any farther into the country of the enemy, or even to retreat with safety into their own." i. 115.

On the approach of the Normans, the intense hatred which Hereward bore to the whole race, breaks strongly out:—

"‘Speak, then, Varangian, in the name of Heaven,’ said the Emperor, ‘and let us know whether we are to look for friends or enemies in those men of Normandy who are now approaching our frontier. Speak with courage, man; and if thou apprehendest danger, remember thou servest a prince well qualified to protect thee.’

"‘Since I am at liberty to speak,’ answered the life-guardsmen, ‘although my knowledge of the Greek language, which you term the Roman, is but slight, I trust it is enough to demand of his Imperial Highness, in place of all pay, donative, or gift whatsoever, since he has been pleased to talk of designing such for me, that he would place me in the first line of battle which shall be formed against these same Normans, and their Duke Robert; and if he pleases to allow me the aid of such Varangians as, for love of me, or hatred of their ancient tyrants, may be disposed to join their arms to mine, I have little doubt so to settle our long accounts with these men, that the Grecian eagles and wolves shall do them the last office, by tearing the flesh from their bones.’

"‘What dreadful feud is this, my soldier,’ said the Emperor, ‘that after so many years still drives thee to such extremities when the very name of Normandy is mentioned?’ \* \*

"‘Now, it chanced many years since, while these two nations of Normans and Anglo-Saxons were quietly residing upon different sides of the salt-water channel which divides France from England, that William, Duke of Normandy, suddenly levied a large army, came over to Kent, which is on the opposite side of the channel, and there defeated, in a great battle, Harold, who was at that time King of the Anglo-Saxons. It is but grief to tell what followed. Battles have been fought in old time, that have had dreadful results, which years, nevertheless, could wash away; but at Hastings—O woe’s me!—the banner of my country fell, never again to be raised up. Oppression has driven her wheel over us. All that was valiant amongst us have left the land; and of Englishmen—for such is our proper designation—no one remains in England save as the thrall of the invaders. Many men of Danish descent, who had found their way on different occasions to England, were blended in the common calamity. All was laid desolate by the command of the victors. My father’s home lies now an undistinguished ruin, amid an extensive forest, composed out of what were formerly fair fields and domestic pastures, where a manly race derived nourishment by cultivating a friendly soil. The fire has destroyed the church where

sleep the fathers of my race; and I, the last of their line, am a wanderer in other climates—a fighter of the battles of others—the servant of a foreign, though a kind master; in a word, one of the banished—a Varangian.” i. 179—83.

The same feeling is elsewhere expressed in another way:—

"‘That I will never deny,’ said the Varangian. ‘The pleasure of knowing, twenty-four hours perhaps before my comrades, that the Normans are coming hither to afford us a full revenge of the bloody day of Hastings, is a lordly recompense for the task of spending some hours in hearing the lengthened chat of a lady, who has written about she knows not what, and the flattering commentaries of the bystanders, who pretended to give her an account of what they did not themselves stop to witness.’

"‘Hereward, my good youth,’ said Achilles Tatius, ‘thou ravest, and I think I should do well to place thee under the custody of some person of skill. Too much hardihood, my valiant soldier, is in soberness allied to overbearing. It was only natural that thou shouldst feel a becoming pride in thy late position; yet, let it but taint thee with vanity, and the effect will be little short of madness. Why, thou hast looked boldly in the face of a princess born in the purple, before whom my own eyes, though well used to such spectacles, are never raised beyond the foldings of her veil.’

"‘So be it in the name of Heaven!’ replied Hereward, ‘Nevertheless, handsome faces were made to look upon, and the eyes of young men to see withal.’

"‘If such be their final end,’ said Achilles, ‘never did thine, I will freely suppose, find a richer apology for the somewhat overbold licence which thou tookest in thy gaze upon the Princess this evening.’

"‘Good leader, or follower, whichever is your favourite title,’ said the Anglo-Briton, ‘drive not to extremity a plain man, who desires to hold his duty in all honour to the imperial family. The Princess, wife of the Caesar, and born, you tell me, of a purple colour, has now inherited, notwithstanding, the features of a most lovely woman. She hath composed a history, of which I presume not to form a judgment, since I cannot understand it; she sings like an angel; and to conclude, after the fashion of the knights of this day—though I deal not ordinarily with their language—I would say cheerfully, that I am ready to place myself in lists against any one whomsoever, who dares detract from the beauty of the imperial Anna Comnena’s person, or from the virtues of her mind. Having said this, my noble captain, we have said all that it is competent for you to inquire into, or for me to answer. That there are handsomer women than the Princess, is unquestionable; and I question it the less, that I have myself seen a person whom I think far her superior; and with that let us close the dialogue.” i. 190—92.

The occupation of the imperial throne by the audacious Robert, is described in the author’s best manner. The conversation which followed is of the same character:—

"‘I know not if it will interest this Prince, or Emperor as you term him,’ answered the Frank Count; ‘but all the account I can give of myself is this: In the midst of one of the vast forests which occupy the centre of France, my native country, there stands a chapel, sunk so low into the ground, that it seems as if it were become decrepit by its own great age. The image of the Holy Virgin who presides over its altar, is called by all men our Lady of the Broken Lances, and is accounted through the whole kingdom the most celebrated for military adventures. Four beaten roads, each leading from an opposite point in the compass, meet before the

principal door of the chapel; and ever and anon, as a good knight arrives at this place, he passes in to the performance of his devotions in the chapel, having first sounded his horn three times, till ash and oak-tree quiver and ring. Having then kneeled down to his devotions, he seldom arises from the mass of Her of the Broken Lances, but there is attending on his leisure some adventurous knight ready to satisfy the new comer's desire of battle. This station have I held for a month and more against all comers, and all gave me fair thanks for the knightly manner of quitting myself towards them, except one, who had the evil hap to fall from his horse, and did break his neck; and another, who was struck through the body, so that the lance came out behind his back about a cloth-yard, all dripping with blood. Allowing for such accidents, which cannot be easily avoided, my opponents parted with me with fair acknowledgment of the grace I had done them.

"I conceive, Sir Knight," said the Emperor, "that a form like yours, animated by the courage you display, is likely to find few equals even among your adventurous countrymen; far less among men who are taught that to cast away their lives in a senseless quarrel among themselves, is to throw away, like a boy, the gift of Providence."

"You are welcome to your opinion," said the Frank, somewhat contemptuously; "yet I assure you, if you doubt that our gallant strife was unmixed with sullenness and anger, and that we hunt not the hart or the boar with merrier hearts in the evening, than we discharge our task of chivalry by the morn had arisen, before the portal of the old chapel, you do us foul injustice."

"With the Turks you will not enjoy this amiable exchange of courtesies," answered Alexius. "Wherefore I would advise you neither to stray far into the van or into the rear, but to abide by the standard where the best infidels make their efforts, and the best knights are required to repel them."

"By our Lady of the Broken Lances," said the Crusader, "I would not that the Turks were more courteous than they are Christian, and am well pleased that unbeliever and heathen bound are a proper description for the best of them, as being traitor alike to their God and to the laws of chivalry; and devoutly do I trust that I shall meet with them in the front rank of our army, beside our standard, or elsewhere, and have an open field to do my devoir against them, both as the enemies of Our Lady and the holy saints, and as, by their evil customs, more expressly my own. Meanwhile you have time to seat yourself and receive my homage, and I will be bound to you for dispatching this foolish ceremony with as little waste and delay of time as the occasion will permit."

"The Emperor hastily seated himself, and received into his sinewy hands of the Crusader, who made the acknowledgment of his homage, and was then guided off by Count Baldwin, who walked with the stranger to the ships, and then, apparently well pleased at seeing him in the course of going on board, returned back to the side of the Emperor." i. 279-82.

This fierce Frank had a wife of the same spirit—she is titled Helen Macgregor—the courtship is capital:—

"Brenhilda, Countess of Paris, was one of those stalwart dames who willingly hazarded themselves in the front of battle, which, during the first crusade, was as common as it was possible for a very unnatural custom to be, and, in fact, gave the real instances of the Marphisas and Bradamantes, whom the writers of romance delighted to paint, assigning them sometimes the advantage of invulnerable armour, or a spear

whose thrust did not admit of being resisted, in order to soften the improbability of the weaker sex being frequently victorious over the male part of the creation.

"But the spell of Brenhilda was of a more simple nature, and rested chiefly in her great beauty.

"From a girl, she despised the pursuits of her sex; and they who ventured to become suitors for the hand of the young Lady of Aspramonte, to which warlike fief she had succeeded, and which perhaps encouraged her in her fancy, received for answer, that they must first merit it by their good behaviour in the lists. The father of Brenhilda was dead; her mother was of a gentle temper, and easily kept under management by the young lady herself.

"Brenhilda's numerous suitors readily agreed to terms which were too much according to the manners of the age to be disputed. A tournament was held at the Castle of Aspramonte, in which one half of the gallant assembly rolled headlong before their successful rivals, and withdrew from the lists mortified and disappointed. The successful party among the suitors were expected to be summoned to joust among themselves. But they were surprised at being made acquainted with the lady's further will. She aspired to wear armour herself, to wield a lance, and back a steed, and prayed the knights that they would permit a lady, whom they professed to honour so highly, to mingle in their games of chivalry. The young knights courteously received their young mistress in the lists, and smiled at the idea of her holding them triumphantly against so many gallant champions of the other sex. But the vassals and old servants of the Count, her father, smiled to each other, and intimated a different result than the gallants anticipated. The knights who encountered the fair Brenhilda were one by one stretched on the sand; nor was it to be denied, that the situation of tilting with one of the handsomest women of the time, was an extremely embarrassing one. Each youth was bent to withhold his charge in full volley, to cause his steed to swerve at the full shock, or in some other way to flinch from doing the utmost which was necessary to gain the victory, lest, in so gaining it, he might cause irreparable injury to the beautiful opponent he tilted with. But the Lady of Aspramonte was not one who could be conquered by less than the exertion of the whole strength and talents of the victor. The defeated suitors departed from the lists the more mortified at their discomfiture, because Robert of Paris arrived at sunset, and, understanding what was going forward, sent his name to the barriers, as that of a knight who would willingly forego the reward of the tournament, in case he had the fortune to gain it, declaring, that neither lands nor ladies' charms were what he came thither to seek. Brenhilda, piqued and mortified, chose a new lance, mounted her best steed, and advanced into the lists as one determined to avenge upon the new assailant's brow the slight of her charms which he seemed to express. But whether her displeasure had somewhat interfered with her usual skill, or whether she had, like others of her sex, felt a partiality towards one whose heart was not particularly set upon gaining hers—or whether, as is often said on such occasions, her fated hour was come, so it was that Count Robert tilted with his usual address and good fortune. Brenhilda of Aspramonte was unhorsed and unhelmed, and stretched on the earth, and the beautiful face, which faded from very red to deadly pale before the eyes of the victor, produced its natural effect in raising the value of his conquest. He would, in conformity with his resolution, have left the castle, after having mortified the vanity of the lady; but her mother opportunely interposed; and when she had satisfied herself that no serious in-

jury had been sustained by the young heiress, she returned her thanks to the stranger knight who had taught her daughter a lesson, which, she trusted, she would not easily forget. Thus tempted to do what he secretly wished, Count Robert gave ear to those sentiments, which naturally whispered to him to be in no hurry to withdraw." i. 287-291.

The valiant Countess carried the same temper to the service of the infidels—the conversation regards the gallantry of the Cæsar:—

"I am glad it is so," said the haughty Countess, without lowering her voice or affecting any change of manner; "I am glad that he understands some things better worth understanding than whispering with stranger young women. Credit me, if he gives much licence to his tongue among such women of my country as these stirring times may bring hither, some one or other of them will fling him into the cataract which dashes below."

"Pardon me, fair lady," said Agelastes; "no female heart could meditate an action so atrocious against so fine a form as that of the Cæsar Nicephorus Briennius."

"Put it not on that issue, father," said the offended Countess; "for, by my patroness Saint our Lady of the Broken Lances, had it not been for regard to these two ladies, who seemed to intend some respect to my husband and myself, that same Nicephorus should have been as perfectly a Lord of the Broken Bones as any Cæsar who has borne the title since the great Julius!"

"The philosopher, upon this explicit information, began to entertain some personal fear for himself, and hastened, by diverting the conversation, which he did with great dexterity, to the story of Hero and Leander, to put the affront received out of the head of this unscrupulous Amazon." ii. 35-6.

The second meeting of the Frank and Saxon is in the imperial dungeon, after the Count had slain a chained tiger, and vanquished a huge orang-outang, employed as a sort of under-jailer to carry bread and water to the state prisoners:—

"Hereward hesitated not to fly to his assistance, and, seizing upon the Count of Paris at the same advantage which that knight had gained over his own adversary a moment before, held him forcibly down with his face to the earth.

"Count Robert was one of the strongest men of that military age; but then so was the Varangian; and save that the latter had obtained a decided advantage by having his antagonist beneath him, it could not certainly have been conjectured which way the combat was to go.

"Yield! as your own jargon goes, rescue or no rescue," said the Varangian, "or die on the point of my dagger!"

"A French Count never yields," answered Robert, who began to conjecture with what sort of person he was engaged, "above all, to a vagabond slave like thee!" With this he made an effort to rise, so sudden, so strong, so powerful, that he had almost freed himself from the Varangian's grasp, had not Hereward, by a violent exertion of his great strength, preserved the advantage he had gained, and raised his poniard to end the strife for ever; but a loud chuckling laugh of an unearthly sound was at this instant heard. The Varangian's extended arm was seized with vigour, while a rough arm, embracing his throat, turned him over on his back, and gave the French Count an opportunity of springing up.

"Death to thee, wretch!" said the Varangian, scarce knowing whom he threatened; but the man of the woods apparently had an awful recollection of the prowess of human beings. He

† This passage seems misprinted—the words are not in their proper order.—Ed.



fled, therefore, swiftly up the ladder, and left Hereward and his deliverer to fight it out with what success chance might determine between them.

"The circumstances seemed to argue a desperate combat; both were tall, strong, and courageous, both had defensive armour, and the fatal and desperate poniard was their only offensive weapons. They paused facing each other, and examined eagerly into their respective means of defence before hazarding a blow, which, if it missed, its attainment would certainly be fatally required. During this deadly pause a gleam shone from the trap-door above, as the wild and alarmed visage of the man of the woods was seen peering down by the light of a newly kindled torch which he held as low into the dungeon as he well could.

"Fight bravely, comrade," said Count Robert of Paris, "for we no longer battle in private; this respectable person having chosen to constitute himself judge of the field."

"Hazardous as his situation was, the Varangian looked up, and was so struck with the wild and terrified expression which the creature had assumed, and the strife between curiosity and terror which its grotesque features exhibited, that he could not help bursting into a fit of laughter.

"Sylvan is among those," said Hereward, "who would rather hold the candle to a dance so formidable than join in it himself."

"Is there then," said Count Robert, "any absolute necessity that thou and I perform this dance at all?"

"None but our own pleasure," answered Hereward, "for I suspect there is not between us any legitimate cause of quarrel demanding to be fought out in such a place, and before such a spectator. Thou art, if I mistake not, the bold Frank, who was yesternight imprisoned in this place with a tiger, chained within no distant spring of his bed?"

"I am," answered the Count.

"And where is the animal who was opposed to thee?"

"He lies yonder," answered the Count, "never again to be the object of more terror than the deer whom he may have preyed on in his day." He pointed to the body of the tiger, which Hereward examined by the light of the dark-lantern already mentioned.

"And this, then, was thy handiwork?" said the wondering Anglo-Saxon.

"Sooth to say, it was—" answered the Count, with indifference.

"And thou hast slain my comrade of this strange watch?" said the Varangian.

"Mortally wounded him at the least," said Count Robert.

"With your patience, I will be beholden to you for a moment's truce, while I examine his wound," said Hereward.

"Assuredly," answered the Count; "blighted be the arm which strikes a foul blow at an open antagonist!" ii. 125—29.

The naval fight between Tancred and the Greeks is related with much spirit: the young warrior was hastening with five hundred picked lances to the rescue of Count Robert and his Countess, when

On him Europe showered her shafts,  
And Asia poured her fire.

We cannot, however, find space for it.

The single combat between the Count and Hereward is chiefly remarkable for being fought, out of compliment to the Englishman, with Saxon battle-axes:—

"I also am ready," said Count Robert of Paris, taking the same weapon from a Varangian soldier, who stood by the lists. Both were immediately upon the alert, nor did further forms or circumstances put off the intended combat.

"The first blows were given and parried with great caution, and Prince Tancred and others thought, that on the part of Count Robert, the caution was much greater than usual; but, in combat as in food, the appetite increases with the exercise. The fiercer passions began, as usual, to awaken with the clash of arms and the sense of deadly blows, some of which were made with great fury on either side, and parried with considerable difficulty, and not so completely but what blood flowed on both their parts. The Greeks looked with astonishment on a single combat, such as they had seldom witnessed, and held their breath as they beheld the furious blows dealt by either warrior, and expected with each stroke the annihilation of one or other of the combatants. As yet, their strength and agility seemed somewhat equally matched, although those who judged with more pretension to knowledge, were of opinion, that Count Robert spared putting forth some part of the military skill for which he was celebrated; and the remark was generally made and allowed, that he had surrendered a great advantage by not insisting upon his right to fight upon horseback. On the other hand, it was the general opinion that the gallant Varangian omitted to take advantage of one or two opportunities afforded him by the heat of Count Robert's temper, who obviously was incensed at the duration of the combat.

"Accident, at length, seemed about to decide what had been hitherto an equal combat. Count Robert, making a feint on one side of his antagonist, struck him on the other, which was uncovered, with the edge of his weapon, so that the Varangian reeled, and seemed in the act of falling to the earth. The usual sound made by spectators at the sight of any painful or unpleasant circumstance, by drawing the breath between the teeth, was suddenly heard to pass through the assembly, while a female voice loud and eagerly exclaimed,—Count Robert of Paris!—forget not this day that thou owest a life to Heaven and me." The Count was in the act of again seconding his blow, with what effect could hardly be judged, when this cry reached his ears, and apparently took away his disposition for farther combat.

"I acknowledge the debt," he said, sinking his battle-axe, and retreating two steps from his antagonist, who stood in astonishment, scarcely recovered from the stunning effect of the blow by which he was so nearly prostrated. He sunk the blade of his battle-axe in imitation of his antagonist, and seemed to wait in suspense what was to be the next process of the combat. "I acknowledge my debt," said the valiant Count of Paris, "alike to Bertha of Britain and to the Almighty, who has preserved me from the crime of ungrateful blood-guiltiness.—You have seen the fight, gentlemen," turning to Tancred and his chivalry, "and can testify, on your honour, that it has been maintained fairly on both sides, and without advantage on either. I presume my honourable antagonist has by this time satisfied the desire which brought me under his challenge, and which certainly had no taste in it of personal or private quarrel. On my part, I retain towards him such a sense of personal obligation, as would render my continuing this combat, unless compelled to it by self-defence, a shameful and sinful action." iii. 176—9.

The chief charm of this romance arises less from the way in which it bares to the bone the courteous duplicity and utter want of moral feeling or public faith of the imperial Alexius and his pedantic daughter, than from the lively picture which it gives of those warlike tumults, the Crusades, and the image which it presents of noble and dauntless single-heartedness in the English Hereward. The Franks are, indeed, generous and brave, but their better natures are curbed

in by their fantastic vows and oaths of chivalry; whereas the Saxon stands as free and erect, both in mind and body, as man can well stand—even his just hatred of the Norman name is fierce only in theory—in practice he is a hero. We think Scott has not done justly by such a character. He certainly deserved a brighter fate than to be vanquished on a field of his own seeking, and wedded to a menial maiden.

Next week we shall take a look at 'Castle Dangerous.'

*A Visit to the South Seas in the United States' Ship Vincennes, during the Years 1829 and 1830: including Scenes in Brazil, Peru, Manilla, the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena.* By C. S. Stewart, A.M.

[Second Notice.]

THERE is a great deal of entertaining and instructive matter in these volumes. We should say that the clergyman peeps out rather too often, if the man were not seen under the canonicals—sometimes indeed, rather laughably, as in the departure from the Guernsey, and the landing at Marquesas. Many of the descriptions are very admirable and very correct, we would instance Papeet Bay. Respecting the affair of Mr. Charlton's cow, (mentioned, vol. ii. p. 147,) we must observe that there are two versions of the story. The British Consul—our readers may not be aware that there is a British Consul resident at Oahu—declares positively that the cow was tied up, and that she was, during the night, driven by some malicious person into the plantation. The story itself is not worth extracting, and therefore we merely mention this for the information of those who may read the volumes. As, in a former notice, we gave the account of Mr. Stewart's introduction to the Emperor of the Brazils, we shall on this occasion attend him to the Palace of the King of Hawaii, Tamahameha III., the illustrious descendant of the amiable savages whom we so kindly stuffed to death, a few years since, on their visit to this country:

"The palace is a fine lofty building of thatch, some hundred or more feet in length, fifty or sixty broad, and forty or more high, beautifully finished, and ornamented at the corners, from the ground to the peak, and along the ridge of the roof, with a rich edging of fern leaves; the dark brown of which, in their dried state, contrasts prettily with the lighter colour and smoothness of the general covering. It is enclosed by a handsome and substantial palisade fence, with two gates, one large in front, and a smaller at the side, and a pebbled area within.

"As we entered the square, the royal guard were seen under arms, beside the palace, at the gate we were to pass, in double file of a hundred men each, the whole being in a complete uniform of white, with cuffs and collars of scarlet, and black caps. The captain, our old friend Kahuhu, was at their head, in a handsome dress of scarlet, with gold lacings, and expensive sword. As Captain Finch passed, they presented arms, in a style perfectly *en militaire*; and at the same time Kekuanoa, now styled the General, from being at the head of the military forces of the king, appeared at the gate in the full and rich suit of a major-general; and with the gracefulness and polish of a gentleman, received the captain from the consuls, and ushered him through a folding-door of glass, into the interior.

"The whole is one apartment, spacious, light, lofty, and truly elegant. All the timbers in sight, the numerous posts, rafters, and centre

pillars, are of a fine substantial size, and of a dark hard wood, hewn with the nicest regularity. The lashings of sinnet, made of the fibres of the cocoa-nut bleached white, are put on with such neatness, and wrought into so beautiful a pattern, at close and regular intervals, as to give to the posts and rafters the appearance of being divided into natural sections by them; and to produce, by the whiteness and nice workmanship of the braid, in contrast with the colours of the wood, an effect striking and highly ornamental.

"But that which most attracted my admiration in the building, is an improvement, a device of native ingenuity, of which I was told we then saw the first specimen, and which gives to the interior a finish as beautiful as appropriate to such an edifice; it is a lining between the timbers and the thatch, screening entirely from sight the grass of which the external covering is composed; and which always gave an air of rudeness, and a barn-yard look, even to the handsomest and best finished of their former establishments. The manufacture is from a small, round mountain vine, of a rich chestnut colour, tied horizontally, stem upon stem, as closely as possible, in the manner, and probably in imitation of the painted window-blinds of split bamboo, brought from the East Indies, once much in fashion, and still occasionally seen in the United States.

"The whole of the inside, from the floor to the peak of the roof—a height of at least forty feet—is covered with this, seemingly in one piece; imparting by the beauty of its colour and entire effect, an air of richness to the room, not dissimilar to that of the tapestry and arras hangings of more polished audience chambers.

"The floor also is a novelty, and an experiment here: consisting, in place of the ground strewn with rushes or grass, as a foundation for the mats, as was formerly the case, of a pavement of stone and mortar, spread with a cement of lime, having all the smoothness and hardness of marble. Upon this, beautifully variegated mats of Tawai were spread, forming a carpet as delightful and appropriate to the climate, as could have been selected. Large windows on either side, and the folding doors of glass at each end, are hung with draperies of crimson damask; besides which, and the mats on the floors, the furniture consists of handsome pier tables, and large mirrors; of a line of glass chandeliers suspended through the centre, with lustres and candelabra of bronze, ornamented *or-molu*, affixed to the pillars lining the sides and ends of the apartment; and of portraits in oil of the late king and queen, taken in London, placed at the upper end, in carved frames richly gilt.

"But as there are no ante-rooms, I am keeping you a long time in the *presence*, without an approach to the throne. In the middle of the room, about sixty feet in front, or two-thirds the length of the apartment, the young monarch was seated in an arm-chair, spread with a splendid cloak of yellow feathers. His dress was the Windsor uniform of the first rank, with epaulettes of gold—the present of George IV.—and an under-dress of white, with silk stockings and pumps. On a sofa, immediately on his right, were Kaahumanu, the regent, and the two ex-queens, Kinau—at present the wife of General Kekuanooa—and Kekaurouhe. Being in mourning, they were in well-made and becoming dresses of black, with ruffs, and caps of white, trimmed with love-ribbon. Governor and Madame Boki had not arrived from the country." ii. 116—20.

The formalities of introduction over, and the presents being made, Mr. Stewart continues:—

"The kind acceptance of these, led to a renewal of the sentiments of good-will previously manifested on the part of the captain; in the

midst of which, Governor Boki, accompanied by Manuia, captain of the fort, in a riding suit with cap and whip in hand, made his appearance. He had just dismounted; and apologized for the lateness of his arrival and undress, by saying, that both himself and Madam Boki were ill when summoned to the palace; and the latter still too unwell to come to town. After a moment's conversation with him, the king invited the captain and officers to a glass of wine, and led the way to a side table, handsomely laid with a superb set of cut glass, stained and ornamented with cameos in white, on large trays of silver plate. This movement broke up the formality of the seated circle, and various familiar groups were formed in different parts of the room, engaged in easy and pleasant conversation." ii. 126-7.

We are sure our readers will be well pleased to read this evidence of the extraordinary advance made towards civilization and refinement in so few years, and to hear that Tamehameha is a well-bred gentleman, and that, in Mr. Stewart's words, "his private character is as unexceptionable, as his public appearance is manly, and becoming the station he occupies." We must, however, confess that this *description* of the palace struck us as greatly more magnificent than the palace itself—so much so indeed, that we had some thoughts of giving an engraving from an original sketch in our possession—but the joke was too costly.

#### *The Jew.* 3 vols. London, 1831. Bull.

We will state, at once, that this book reads disagreeably and stiffly; because, having done so, we get rid, at the outset, of almost all which we have to say in the way of disapprobation, and are enabled to turn, without interruption, to the merits of the work itself, and its claim to introduction into our language. It is (and we know not why the fact should not have appeared on the title-page) a translation from the work of Spindler, which has acquired considerable celebrity on the continent. The translator, in an introductory notice, calls it a "free version" of that work; yet it is of a want of *freedom* in its translation that we complain. The language has a harsh and foreign tone, and, like the bad voice of a good actor, creates, at first, an displeasing impression, which requires to be got over before we can enter into the full appreciation of the beauties with which these volumes abound. There now only remains for us the duty of concession and praise.

The English reader is greatly obliged by his introduction to this singular production, and by the manner in which, upon the whole, that introduction has been effected. The character of the work seems to have been preserved with great fidelity, and its manner and style rendered, occasionally, with spirit and effect. The task which the editor has chosen, appears to have been by no means one of the easiest of its class; and he has undoubtedly the merit of having performed it with industry and ability.

The work itself is, unquestionably, a very extraordinary production. The author has fallen upon most picturesque times—full of strange combinations and striking contrasts—rich in the colourings of light and shadow,—and has painted them with a breadth of outline, and a minuteness of detail, truly surprising. The story is laid in the early part of the fifteenth century: a time, when chi-

valry, declining from the pure and high spirit of its early institution, exhibited, in its changed forms and purposes, many grotesque effects; and the Christian church, convulsed by its own internal dissensions, and shaken from its propriety amid the vortex of political struggle, began to project the huge shadows of its gigantic errors beneath the dawning light of moral and religious truth. That pure fire which, from the days of the first Apostles and the primitive fathers, seems to have been preserved amid the solitary hills, and by the still waters, and to have been ever laid upon the altar of some flock in the wilderness, had made one of its periodical visits to the haunts of men; and the old English heresy of the Lollards had been revived in Germany by the preaching of the Bohemian Huss. Those institutions which had grown up amid the darkness of the middle ages, and which looms through the obscurity of that period with very imposing effect, had begun to exhibit their rude outlines in the light of awakening intelligence, and to steal gradually out from the gloom which favoured them, and still concealed enough of them to produce some very strange anomalies and very picturesque combinations. The rapid advance of Burgher freedom had given a new tone to the politics of the times, and let in a new party to their perpetual struggles; and through and amid all the noise and bustle of these endless conflicts and changes, stalks, as we look back upon them, the silent and unchanged Jew. Found everywhere, yet scarcely permitted anywhere,—"*distinct, yet mingling*,"—an influential agent in many of the changes about him, yet a sharer in none,—hating and hated, reviling and reviled, flinging back upon all the curse which rests immovably upon his own head,—he steals like a phantom amid the noisy groups around him, bowing his body before each, and warring in his heart with all. Amid all the collisions and accidents of the present, a perpetual reference to the past—having no charters and no institutions, but such as he brings from times more remote than the *traditions* of the nations about him—in all the anomalies produced by the changes through which he walks, himself the greatest anomaly, because he *changes not*,—he crawls about with the curse weighing upon his head, and gnawing his heart—A dweller in lands which to him are *all* Edom, among nations who are all Egyptians, looking, in secret, to the east, from whence his hope hath almost ceased to come, and promising to his children that Messiah, and that final triumph, of which he has almost begun to despair.

Such are the principal features of the times in which this story is laid, and a few of the crowded materials of which its author has availed himself. The intrigues of princes, and the councils of the church, the pomps of chivalry, and the splendour of Burgher festivity, the robber hold of the German baron, and the mountain hut of the midnight murderer, the ceremonies of the confessional, and the silent solemnities of the Jews—figure in an endless variety, that leaves nothing untouched which can mark or characterize the age. And all this mass of broad historic painting is harmonized and mellowed by a thousand minute touches, descriptive of domestic habits and superstitions, and minor and accidental customs and ceremonies, which would almost lead us to suppose that

the author was himself a translation from the times with which he deals so familiarly. We shall make no attempt to give our readers an analysis of the story. So crowded are the volumes, that it could scarcely be done in less space than is there actually assigned it. The characters are multiplied beyond all precedent, and the plot conducted by fifty concurrent streams, tending to and finally mingling in one. The narrative is composed of many distinct threads, in the hands of a most skilful weaver, perpetually crossing and mixing with each other, without ever becoming entangled, and knit together with a skill and neatness really very admirable. The effect of the whole is that of a great historical picture, wrought out by a variety of episodes, and composed of a thousand groups—each painted with extraordinary fidelity and minuteness of detail, yet contributing in due proportion to the effect of the whole; and in which the leading incidents and principal characters are clearly discriminated and boldly marked. We shall not even give an extract, for we could not hope to enable the reader, from any number of extracts, to form an opinion of the merit of a work, whose chief characteristic (amid much exaggeration of character and incident) is the skilful use of a mass of materials, large enough to form the ground-work of a whole library of modern novels.

*The Chameleon.* 1831. Glasgow, Atkinson; London, Longman.

This is wholly a Glasgow book: no other place can claim a share in its poetry, prose, type, paper, printing, pressing, or binding; it is also, in all respects, an elegant book; and we have no doubt, that even now, the chief city of the west is looking upon it with all a mother's fondness. The author, Mr. Atkinson, is a young man of talent and taste, who can write a sweet song, pen a pathetic or joyous story, compose a spirited essay, or a sensible criticism, and finally arrange the whole with a bookseller's skill into a volume, alluring to the most fastidious purchaser. We are also informed, that he is a ready and fluent debater among the eloquent men of the west, and moreover, a clever bookseller, and a most worthy man. To be all this, requires varied powers, and indeed, it is seldom that we see in a first work the presence of so much that is at once different and pleasing. His merit is variety and fluency—his fault exuberance. The 'Chameleon' is a kind of striped and starred performance, like the American banner; a dozen pages of story are followed by six of verse, and the verse is succeeded by prose again, which takes the shape of an essay, or a sketch of character, according to the pleasure of the author. The articles are all brief: we scarcely know what to quote first: there is no common sweetness in the following little poem:—

*The Lambs.*

VERSES WRITTEN ON SEEING A LAMB FEEDING UPON THE TURF OVER AN INFANT'S GRAVE.

In beauty's arching neck, who shall decide  
Where ends the rounding of the chiselled chin;  
Where 'gins the alabaster throat's proud curve,  
Where leaves the first swell of the bosom's hills.

I stood upon the silent shore,  
And near a little infant's grave;  
There was no sound of ocean's roar,  
No curl upon the wave.

It was, in sooth, a placid scene,  
Where wisdom's silent language told,

To hearts, where troubled thoughts had been,  
Its solemn lessons old.

A little lamb did crop the sod;  
A lamb slept calm beneath the mound,  
Penned early in the fold of God,  
And flowers sprang from the hallowed ground.

'Tis thus, said I, the gentle few,  
Are linked together by some ties;  
We cannot see, part of the cleft,  
That binds earth's dwellers to the skies!

'The Hours' is written in another spirit,  
and not without elegance and fluency:—

*The Hours.*

Hours—minutes—moments are the smallest coin  
That make the sum of even the richest life;  
But yet there are no misers of their hoards,  
Nor usance reckoned in the mart upon them;  
Still they are precious!

Nay, Pallet, paint not thus the hours,—  
Young urchins, weaving wreaths of flowers;  
Hiding in the buds of roses;  
Where the folding pink-lip closes;  
Peeping from the sunflower's stem,  
Or a beauty's garment hem!  
No!—rather, Linner, make them lurk,  
Busy at their blanching work,  
Withering wrinkles in the cheek,—  
Every hour before, more sleek;—  
In the dimples—'neath the lid  
Of the eye;—or show them slid  
Sly among the auburn tresses,  
Like a Falcon bound with jesses!  
Turning them to silvery grey;  
Scattering snow-tints in their play!  
Oh! the hours are crabbéd creatures,  
Still at war with beauty's features!

The prose has also its attractions: there is an original air about the following, which pleases us:—

*The Sorrows of Sleepiness.*

A PROSAIC EPIGRAM.

"I do not deny, my dearest Jane," said the blooming, sentimental, and, in spite of herself, buxom Eliza, "that I seem to enjoy all I could wish—money—society, and, if I can believe those wicked creatures, the men—some beauty, and more than three devoted lovers. Yet—I take high heaven to witness—(Eliza's half-stifled sobs were here audible)—I am supremely miserable!" "And wherefore so, my Eliza?" responded Jane. "Oh! my dear girl," replied Eliza, "I am such a horrid creature—have such a milk-maid constitution, from the father's side of our family, that I sleep soundly every night, do what I will! It is this unfortunate circumstance which prevents my obtaining that elegant languidity, that inexpressibly-interesting absence of red in one's cheek—that heroine-like complexion, upon which I doat to distraction. I am as healthy as if I had no feeling! I read the most delightful novels; and, though my mind is occupied with the distresses of the hero or heroine, I sleep as soundly—(can you believe it?)—as if I did not at all sympathize with either! Nay, I even fell asleep last night at twelve o'clock, though I had only two volumes remaining out of the eleven, to peruse of Clara St. Clair's 'Woes of the Soul, or the Sorrows of Satisfaction.' So inveterate is my propensity, that when Henry laughed, and behaved so cruelly to me the other day, though I wept sincerely about it, yet that very crying set me asleep like a child; and then my aunt, who knows my infirmity, rallied me so upon it!—'I did not think she would have done a thing so cruel,' observed Jane. 'It was cruel, indeed!' replied Eliza; 'but she tells me a hundred times, that though I try as much as I please, I shall never resemble any of my favourite heroines, so long as I have good health—an appetite for food—ruddy cheeks, and sound sleep. Now, I am determined to part with all these, if she be in the right,—as I almost think she is. Heaven knows, my mind is well stored with all the virtues of romances. I constantly fancy myself as being run off with—persecuted—or in some one or other of these interesting situations; yet I can't for the life

of me, keep my eyes open five minutes, after laying my head on my pillow!

"To be sure—at this juncture, simpered the blue-eyed and pale-faced Angelina Miranda Drippingsip, who had kept a half-pitying, and half-scorful silence, during the former part of the conversation, which took place in the saloon of Mr. Bull's library—to be sure, there is something vastly interesting and romantic in that high-souled sensitiveness and delicacy of feeling, which keeps the eyes wide open, through the whole of a long winter's night; which damps the downy pillow with tears; strews the feather couch with thorns, and deprives its possessor of the vulgar oblivion of seamstress-like sound sleep!" "Ah! my dearest Angelina," replied Eliza, "with what elegance and feeling you express yourself! I dare say you are not oppressed with this nocturnal invader as I am?" "No," answered Angelina Miranda Drippingsip; "I rarely sleep above an hour during any night, and that only at intervals." "Oh!" exclaimed the outrivalled Eliza, "how provoking! This is the way with everybody but me; yet, I am sure, it is not for want of feeling, for, at this moment, I could shed tears by pailfuls! Pray, how did you conquer vulgar sleep so far as you have done, my Angelina; and how shall I be able to do so also, and so become worthy of your lofty friendship?" Miss Drippingsip replied, "I drink strong tea—have a nervous habit—and sleep all the forenoon!" 66—8.

'The Utility of Dulness' is addressed to a large and respectable body of men:—

"Dull, timid, and weak men are, as it were, the cement of society. The mortar which serves to connect and bind together the more valuable parts of the great fabric. They are, like their supposed prototype, an indispensable part of a superstructure—a sort of trifling negative series of particles, which, however worthless in themselves, cannot be done without. They are the seasoning of society—somewhat liberally sprinkled to be sure. They give a *gout* and flavour to the social circle, which even Attic salt cannot impart. Paradoxical as it may appear, they are the finest possible breaks in the continuity of mere liveliness, and converse would actually become *tame* without them. A dull uniformity would prevail, and we all know by experience, that nothing palls so much as unvaried sprightliness, unshaded mirth, and unrelieved brilliancy. Death-like dulness itself is not so tiresome and fatiguing. When a boy, I have often made fireworks:—once in compounding a set of squibs, I forgot to mix up with the positives of saltpetre and gunpowder the negative of pounded charcoal; and in firing them off, each consisted of but one explosion, bright, no doubt, but transient also, and dangerous withal; while the squibs which were rightly mixed up were both bright, sparkling too, and much more lasting; besides, they did not scorch me. Dull men are, then, to society what charcoal is to squibs." p. 101-2.

We can afford no more space, else we would gladly admit one or two of the tales to the publicity of our pages; but we have quoted sufficient to show the quality of the work, and recommend it to our readers. We could have found more stirring verses in the volume, but we think the author has better skill in what is gentle and affectionate, than in the stormy and the impassioned. For instance, we think there is more true poetry in the ballad of 'Alas I cannot love, than in any two of his historical songs. Concerning the prose, we may briefly remark, that we could say something snappish respecting the style in one part, and the sentiment in another; but, in a young author, such casual errors amend themselves. We advise Mr.



Atkinson to turn his 'Chameleon' into a Glasgow Annual, with a presbyterian name; he has taste enough in art, and talent enough in literature, for such an undertaking—the book would flourish.

*Romance and Reality.* By L. E. L., Author of 'The Improvisatrice,' &c. 3 vols. London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

We have all heard of Black Monday, but *Serviceable Saturday* is a novelty in the Calendar: it recurs every four or five weeks, always between the 20th and 27th of the month, and is duly noted in the *Literary Gazette*. On this occasion we had twelve columns on 'Romance and Reality,' and eight on a second edition of Longman's 'Life of Canning'!—together, according to Cocker, twenty columns. The 'Life of Canning,' considering that the first edition was noticed only a few months ago, we shall allow to pass; but 'Romance and Reality' would certainly have been reviewed this week, but that we shrunk back, frightened at the responsibility of our office. We have, therefore, ventured to give precedence to the courteous, and considerate Sir Walter and 'Count Robert'; but, next week, Miss Landon shall receive all becoming attention: and even now, not to disappoint our readers, we will favour them with the judgment of the *Gazette*, and some of the extracts with which they justify their high commendation.

*Review of 'Romance and Reality,' abridged from the Literary Gazette of 26th of November.*

"THE poetical productions" of Miss Landon have "extended her fame and popularity to the widest range of the English language"—"she has formed a new school in our poetic literature"—and "her numerous and ardent admirers" are "curious to see if the same genius will be thrown over the page of a novel—if it will possess the same exquisite tenderness—the same warmth of feeling combined with the same purity of female delicacy—the same fine perceptions of humanity linked with the same luxury of imagination—the same descriptive power, nature, and pathos, which have so greatly distinguished the fair Improvisatrice." \* \* We think 'Romance and Reality' a perfectly original specimen of fictitious narrative; there is no performance of the class, within our knowledge, which it resembles. \* \*

"The several kinds of novels which, with all their imperfections, shed a lustre over our literature, are chiefly these:—

"The *Romantic*, in which the imaginative, &c. prevail. Horace Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, Lewis, and others (since the times of Sidney's 'Arcady,' and Mrs. Manley's 'Atlantis,') adorn this order in our country.

"The novel of *Common Life*, &c. Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith, Miss Burney, Miss Porters, Mrs. Inchbald, Dr. Moore, and a hundred others, have wrought in this exhaustless mine.

"*High Life and Fashionable* novels may next be mentioned; Richardson, &c. Mr. E. L. Bulwer may be quoted as the most successful of our contemporaries in this line.

"The *Satirical*, &c.—The *Historical*, &c. Here Scott is the mighty master.

There are also "productions so peculiar, as to constitute, as it were, a genus per se. Of the latter, De Foe, Swift, and Sterne, furnish memorable examples. We have also *Sentimental* novels, such as Mackenzie's; *Fairy tales*; *Philosophical* novels and *Political* novels, from Godwin to Ward; *Religious* novels, see Hannah More, &c.; *Moral and Instructive* novels, see Miss Edgeworth and others; and we have also

novels illustrative of *National and Foreign* manners."

"In 'Romance and Reality' WE HAVE GLIMPSES OF MOST OF THE INGREDIENTS WE HAVE ENUMERATED; \* \* without being strictly a historical, fashionable, sentimental, romantic, or common-life novel, this WORK POSSESSES A PORTION OF THE HIGHEST MERITS OF THEM ALL, AND IS ESPECIALLY SEPARATED FROM EITHER BY ITS OWN EXCELLENCIES. \* \* Then, BEYOND THIS (!) we find a store of deeper and more reflective mind, which overflows in a multitude of pithy maxims, which Rochefoucauld himself might be proud to own. \* \* When WE ADD (!), that we are moved with equal fidelity of delineation, not only from town to country, but to Spain and Italy, some idea may be formed of the great ability with which 'Romance and Reality' abounds."

Indeed, after twelve columns, the *Gazette* concludes with the assurance, that they have been "utterly unable to exhibit the happy drawings of character which are at once so uncommon and so true"—that they are still "far in debt to the beautiful thoughts and brilliant ideas which enrich and brighten every page"—and admit "their incompetency to render justice to a work," which they "do not hesitate to pronounce the most striking production since 'Waverley.'"

Now, we are not ashamed to confess, that, having dispatched four novels last week, and three this, including 'Count Robert,' we were unwilling to adventure, without refreshing rest, on so powerful and original a work as this of 'Romance and Reality.' With any one of the giant race above named we might have grappled: with a novel, whether Sentimental, Philosophical, Political, Religious, Moral, Instructive, or of Manners National or Foreign, we might have tried our strength: nay, should they ever again come shadowing before us, we may venture to criticize a work whether it be by Miss Porter, Miss Edgeworth, Hannah More, Mr. Bulwer, Mr. Godwin, Mr. Ward, or Sir Walter—were the dead to rise and write, we might, with a humble and subdued mind, offer an opinion even on a new work by De Foe, Swift, or Sterne—by Horace Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, or Monk Lewis—by Sir Philip Sidney or Mrs. Manley—by Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith, Mrs. Inchbald, Dr. Moore, or by Richardson—but to set to, weary and exhausted, with one which possesses "A PORTION OF THE HIGHEST MERIT OF ALL" these writers and writings put together, was a task beyond our nerves. Besides, as it is quite certain that 'Romance and Reality' was read long before it was published, by certain favoured persons—(the motto to an article by Mr. Jerdan, in the *Keepsake*, was taken from it three months ago)—the writer in the *Gazette* may have had this advantage over us. But, that our readers may not suffer, we shall, as we promised, give some of the illustrative extracts from the *Gazette*; and, first, of the Fielding and Smollett style:—

"But their chief attention was attracted by a family group. The father, a little fat man, with that air of small importance which says, 'I'm well to do in the world—I've made my money myself—I don't care if I do spend some—it's a poor heart what never rejoices.' The mother was crimson in countenance and pelisse, and her ample dimensions spoke years of peace and plenteousness. Everything about her was, as she would have said, of the best; and careful attention was she giving to the safety of a huge hamper that had been deposited on deck. Two

daughters followed, who looked as if they had just stepped out of the Royal Lady's Magazine†—that is, the prevailing fashion exaggerated into caricature. Their bonnets were like Dominie Samson's ejaculation, 'prodigious!'—their sleeves enormous—their waists had evidently undergone the torture of the thumb-screw—indeed they were even smaller—and their skirts had 'ample verge and space enough' to admit of a doubt whether the latitude of their figure did not considerably exceed the longitude. Two small, mean-looking young men followed, whose appearance quite set the question at rest, that nature never intended the whole human race to be gentlemen. Blue-coated, brass-buttoned, there was nothing to remark in the appearance of either, excepting that, though the face of the one bore every indication of robust health, his head had been recently shaved, as if for a fever, which unlucky disclosure was made by a rope coming in awkward contact with his hat. The wind was fair; and Lord Mandeville having gone to the head of the vessel, where he was engaged in conversation, Emily was left to watch the shore of France, to which they were rapidly approaching, when her meditations were interrupted by a coarse but good-humoured voice saying, 'I wish, Miss, you would find me a corner on them there nice soft cushions—my old bones aches with them benches.' Emily, with that best politeness of youth which shows attention to age, immediately made room in the carriage for the petitioner, who turned out to be her of the crimson pelisse. 'Monstrous pleasant seat,' said the visitor, expanding across one side of the carriage. Emily bowed in silence; but the vulgar are always the communicative, and her companion was soon deep in all their family history, 'That's my husband, Mr. H.; our name is Higgs, but I call him Mr. H. for shortness. Waste makes want, you know—we should not be here pleasuring if we had ever wasted. And those are my sons; the eldest is a great traveller—I dare say you have heard of him—Lord bless you! there isn't a hill in Europe, to say nothing of that at Greenwich, that he hasn't been up: you see he is a stout little fellow. Look, Miss, at this box—it is made of the *lather of Vesuvius*, which he brought from Mont Blanc; he has been up to the very top of it, Miss. I keep it for *bones-bones*.' So saying, she offered Emily some of the peppermint-drops it contained: these were civilly declined, and the box good-naturedly admired, which encouraged—though, Heaven knows, there was not much need—the old lady to proceed. 'We always travel in the summer for improvement—both Mr. H. and I think a deal of learning; the boys have both been to grammar-schools, and their two brothers are at the London University—only think, Miss, of our city having a university—Lord, Lord, but we do live in clever times.' Mrs. H. paused for a moment, as if overwhelmed with the glories of the London University; and conversation was renewed by Emily's inquiring 'what part of the Continent they intended visiting?' 'Oh, we are going to Italy—I want to see what's at the end of it; besides, the girls mean to buy such a quantity of pearls at Rome. We intend giving a fancy ball this winter—we have got a good house of our own in Fitzroy Square—we can afford to let the young ones see a little pleasure.' 'May I ask, said Emily, 'what is Mr. Higgs' profession?' 'Indeed!' exclaimed his offended spouse, 'he's not one of your professing sort—he never says what he doesn't mean—his word's as good as his bond through St. Mary Within, any day—professions, indeed! what has he ever professed to you?' Emily took her most con-

† We may just note here among the accidental sympathies of our nature, that the *Royal Lady's Magazine* has been very bitter in its commentaries on the *Literary Gazette*.

ciliating tone, and, as unwilling duellists say, the explanation was quite satisfactory. 'Bless your silly soul! his business you mean. You are just like my girls—I often tells them to run for the dictionary: to see the blessing of education; Our childer are a deal more knowing than ourselves. But Mr. H.'s business—though I say it that shouldn't—there isn't a more thriving soap-boiler in the ward. Mr. H. wanted to go to Moscow for our summer tower (Moscow's the sea-port which sends us our tallow)—but I said, "Lord, Mr. H., says I, what signifies making a toil of a pleasure?" 'You are,' said Emily, 'quite a family party.' 'I never lets Mr. H. leave me and the girls behind—no, share and share alike, says I—your wife has as good a right to go as yourself. I often tells him a bit of my mind in the old song—you know what it says for we women—that, when Adam was created,

We wasn't took out of his feet, Sir,  
That we might be trampled upon;  
But we was took out of the side, Sir,  
His equals and partners to be:  
So you never need go for to think, Sir,  
That you are the top of the tree.'

'Well,' replied Emily, 'I wish you much pleasure in Italy.' 'Ah, Miss, it was my son there that put it in our noddles to go to Italy first. Do you see that his head's shaved?—it's all along of his taste for the fine arts. We've got his bust at home, and his hair was cut off to have his head and its bumps taken: they covered it all over with paste just like a pudding. Lord! his white face does look so queer in the front drawing-room—it's put on a marble pillar, just in the middle window—but, dear, I thought the people outside would like to see the great traveller.'

Of the pithy maxims which Rochefoucauld "might be proud to own," we copy the following specimens:—

"The course of life is like the child's game—here we go round by the rule of contrary"—and youth, above all others, is the season of united opposites, with all its freshness and buoyancy."

"A great change in life is like a cold bath in winter—we all hesitate at the first plunge."

"Marriage is like money—seem to want it, and you never get it."

"Attention is always pleasant in acquaintances till we tire of them."

"The ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster."

"Grief, after all, is like smoking in a damp country—what was at first a necessity becomes afterwards an indulgence."

"An apt quotation is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence."

"Hope is the prophet of youth—young eyes always look forwards."

"There is wisdom in even the exaggeration of grief—there is little cause to fear we should feel too much."

"The imaginative gods of the Grecians are dethroned—the warlike deities of the Scandinavians feared no longer; but we have set up a new set of idols in their place, and we call them Appearances."

"Surprises are like misfortunes or herrings—they rarely come single."

"Habits are the petrifications of the feelings."

"Imagination is to love what gas is to the balloon—that which raises it from earth."

"Love is followed by disappointment, admiration by mortification, and obligation by ingratitude."

"The bitterest cup has its one drop of honey."

We assure our readers, that we shall not be influenced in our judgment by the opinion of this our elder brother—and we offer the same assurance to Miss Landon. We hope next week to do her justice, in a spirit of kindness, gentleness, and delicacy.

*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.* Vol. I. Paris, 1831. L'Advocat.

[Third Notice.]

We commence our translated extracts from the different papers contained in this work, with the two or three first pages of the introductory essay, by Janin, entitled 'Asmodeus.' This production, as we have before observed, is a good specimen of the author's manner, but, both in power and in depth of thought, it is somewhat below the standard of his other works.

"Where then is Asmodeus? Who will restore him to us? When wilt thou come, angel or demon, and guide us through that long gallery of modern manners formed by two successive revolutions? Do the sedate, the severe, the calm, and the sorrowful, who see the world as it is, believe in the possible existence of Asmodeus? What pleasure could he enjoy in a universe like ours, which forms but a single scene? Would he find, in this comedy of every day, enough of variety and confusion, I do not say to applaud it, but to take the trouble to hiss?"

"It was in the good old times that Asmodeus first appeared. At this period, Spanish manners existed even in France—a life of love and duels—a life embroidered on every seam, standing out in relief, always full dressed, as if made on purpose for the drama and the tale. Everywhere, within the city and without, there was a laughable medley of opinions, wants and passions; and, in those days, there was no lack of students, usurers, lovers, bigots, soldiers, silly women, absurd physicians, judges in black gowns, princes *incogniti*, lascivious monks, giddy widows, favourite actors, poets in rags, and duped husbands. It may be imagined, that the Devil Asmodeus found pleasure in such a world. The Comic Muse was then everywhere, as gay and wanton as you could desire. She would climb to the judgment seat, assume the judge's wig, and make faces at the suitors. She would then seat herself upon the throne, jest with despotism, and play with supreme power as with a tame tiger. In her satirical moods, she respected neither men nor things. She would accompany the surplised priest to the altar, and drink wine in the sacristy, with the jovial monk; at the wine-house, she flourished the murderous knife with the drunken alguazil, and would afterwards licentiously and wantonly range through the hospital, scouring both patient and physician. Sometimes, as a ragged beggar, she represented Diogenes the Cynic; at others, as a perfumed courtesan, she received the alternate visits of the refined courier and the brutal soldier. Soon she became a street-walker, then a dealer in old clothes and second-hand finery, surrounded by essences, pomatums, perfumery, rouge, cast-off liveries, and rumpled silks, calculating how to make a fortune out of these sad proofs of the passions and coquetry, of the luxury and indigence of women. The laughing goddess played every part, and did not sometimes disdain even the most disgraceful. How often has she not assumed the disguise of a censor or a police spy; remaining for whole days together at the doors of gambling-houses and brothels—observing, prying, taking notes? With manners such as these, affecting in an equal degree the King's Palace and the Hospital of Incurables, the French Academy and the madhouse, you may imagine the scene and representation to be animated and picturesque. You may conceive how proud and happy Asmodeus must have felt at being let loose in such a world; and how lightly he ran over the house-tops—for in those days the house-tops could be walked upon. I can easily fancy him bounding with joy through this universe, chequered with passions and vices; but alas! what would he find to amuse him in our age of correctness

and morality, in our polite and well-regulated world—under our sad and dull sky, and at the very height of our wisdom? He would surely die of ennui!"

We next present our readers with a graphic sketch by Bazin, from

*The Bourgeois of Paris.*

"The bourgeois of Paris is of moderate stature and decidedly fat. His countenance is generally smiling, and seems somewhat ambitious of dignity. His whiskers form a slight curve, ending at the corner of his mouth. He is well shaved and cleanly dressed. His clothes are large and full, without any affectation of those forms which fashion borrows from caprice. Ignorant painters always put an umbrella into his hand, but this is a mistake suggested by malevolence and party-spirit. The umbrella belongs to *rentiers* and those employed in public offices; that is to say, to the imbeciles of the industrious world. The bourgeois of Paris carries a cane to give himself an air of consequence, to drive away dogs, and to chastise saucy boys. But he fears not the weather. If it rains, he calls a coach, as he takes care to inform you beforehand. You must hear a bourgeois of Paris say, 'If it rain, I'll call a coach,' to be able to appreciate the satisfaction and security with which the improvement in public conveniences fills the heart of a man who is conscious that he can pay for them."

"In spite of every objection, the bourgeois of Paris at length marries, as his father and mother did before him. At Paris, more than elsewhere, there always exists a swarm of single men who systematically remain so from taste, reason, constitution, and calculation: a species of Bedouins who wage war with conjugal happiness, exist by rapine, live in noise, and die in solitude. When young, they are agreeable dancers, dashing gamblers, hawkers of news and of entertaining anecdotes, until they acquire the honour of exciting jealousy; when old, they are treated without ceremony, and their greatest piece of good fortune is, now and then at the house of an old friend, to sit at a side-table between the two children, in order to avoid at the other table the fatal number of thirteen."

"The bourgeois' wife never was handsome, and her features want regularity; but everybody has agreed to call her pretty. The effect she produced upon the spectators, the day on which she got out of a glass-coach before the door of St. Roch's Church, is by no means forgotten. Her form was then more slender, but she was not more blooming than at present; her husband, on the other hand, was young, active, slim, and wore his hair curled. The marriage ceremony was splendid; there was a gold cross, and crimson velvet *fautuils*, purchased by the churchwardens at the sale of some fallen prince! There was likewise a grand dinner at Grignon's, the entrance to which was in those days through a large court-yard. Few Sundays pass without the husband leading the conversation to some reminiscences of this happy day, during which he displays more than ordinary tenderness towards her whom he congratulates himself every hour upon having married. The bourgeois of Paris respects his wife naturally, or rather instinctively; the most refined study could have taught him nothing better."

"Certain gossips have asserted, that the wife of the bourgeois was once a coquet, and that, finding years grow apace, she had taken precautions not to attain old age without possessing at least one tender recollection. But what matters this to her husband? If it be true, he is not aware of it. His life has not been troubled; nothing in either his comforts or his habits has been interfered with; and he has never ceased for an instant to retail the old jests of the stage against duped husbands. When he comes home he almost always finds his wife in the house. If



he be sometimes obliged to wait for her, she always returns loaded with purchases, among which there is generally something for him. She pours out his barley-water when he has a cold, and is silent whenever he speaks. More than all this, not only is the wife of the *bourgeois* the mother of his children, but his privy counsellor in his business, his partner, and his book-keeper. He does nothing without her advice, and she knows the names of his debtors and of his correspondents. When he is in a merry cue, he terms her his Minister of the Interior; and if he be in doubt about the spelling a word, he applies to her, for she is a *savante*, having been educated at a boarding-school.

"We now come to the children. I do not well know the name of his daughter; there are so many pretty names to be found in novels. She has just left boarding-school; she draws, and plays upon the piano; in short, she has learned all that it is necessary to forget when she marries, and commences the same obscure and simple mode of life as her mother. The son is called *Emile*, in honour to the memory of Jean Jacques Rousseau. There are few families in Paris in which an *Emile* is not to be found, who has been put out to nurse, led about afterwards by a maid, and then sent for education to a college containing two hundred and nineteen other *Emiles*. The *bourgeois*' son, is gifted by nature, and has not been neglected. He has both facility and intelligence, and is looked upon as likely to increase the annual list of honours obtained at the *concours*. He is therefore caressed and made much of by his masters. All this increases the *bourgeois*' happiness. With joy and pride he contemplates the child of his love. He lets him talk, and admires the chattering of the infant pendant, whom he is proud of not being able to comprehend; nor does he resume his authority until the rash boy has thrown himself into the arena of politics. The young dog has a *penchant* for republicanism, and secretly reads the journals of the *mouvement*, just as we children of the empire used to read Pigault Lebrun's novels. The Reign of Terror is, moreover, a fine opportunity for a display of paternal admonition. When the storm is blown over, *Emile*'s prospects are talked of. Since he is a clever boy, he must be a sworn appraiser; but if this cleverness amount to positive talent, why then he must be an attorney; for each generation of the *bourgeoisie* seeks to elevate itself one step higher, and that is the reason why the top of the ladder is so encumbered.

"I have already hinted at the *bourgeois*' politics. In the first place, he loves order—he will have order—and he would put everything out of place to obtain order. Order, as he understands it, is the easy and regular circulation, in the streets, of carriages and foot-passengers; the shops displaying their splendid riches on the outside, and the gas which lights them in the evening, throwing the reflection of its light upon the pavement. Give him these things, and let him not be stopped by any other groups than those who surround ambulating musicians, or contemplate the last agonies of a dog just run over;—let his ears not be assailed by unusual cries, by the dense clamour of a discontented mob;—let him not fear that a *réverbère* will fall at his feet; let him not hear the crash of breaking windows, the sinister noise of closing shutters, the retreat beaten at an unusual hour, and the precipitous footsteps of horses—and he is satisfied. Give him but this physical tranquillity, and you, who arrogate to yourselves the direction of public opinion—you, who wish to bring him to your way of thinking—you, who want his vote at a public meeting, his signature to a petition, or his voice in a judgment—go all of you to him without fear; reason, attack, traduce, abuse; work boldly in overturning principles and slandering reputations; he will bear all without

anger. If your period be well rounded, he will adopt it; for he also plays the orator. If your epigram be well pointed, he will repeat it at his own table; for he is fond of a *bon-mot*. If you bring him news, he will bet against your word; for he religiously believes in everything that is printed. There is no fear of his detecting disorder in a black coat, whose wearer speaks loud, turns a period well, and affects a pensive air. The disorder which he fears, and against which he would go into the streets with his musket and his knap-sack, has naked arms, a hoarse voice, breaks open shops, and throws stones at the municipal guard." p. 42—8.

*The Usurer's Daughter*. 3 vols. London, 1831. Simpkin & Marshall.

THIS is one of the best novels we have met with for some time. The story is interesting without being extravagant, which, in these days of exaggeration and effect, is itself no trifling merit. But it is in the development of character, that the author shows his power. Each of the personages of his story lives and moves, and has a being of his own. He does not deal with human nature in the abstract, but gives a strong and vivid portraiture of individuals. The idea of the principal character, old Erpingham the Usurer, is most admirably sustained. Absorbed in the acquisition of money to the exclusion of all other thoughts or feelings, he is never vehement, never in the slightest degree moved from the outward indifference of a stoic. He can utter the most fearful denunciations in the calmest language, and demand the last drop of blood of his creditor's heart, if it be but "i' the bond," with the placidity and politeness of a fashionable tailor. The noble magnanimity of his daughter Margaret, comes with double power upon our sympathies, from the force of contrast.

The author is a man of no common powers. There is a mixture of quiet satire in his remarks on men and things, which derives additional piquancy from the subdued humour with which they are delivered. We regret that we cannot find room to prove the justice of our commendation by extracts—we will hope to do so in a second notice, but really the last fortnight has been so prolific in novels, that we must dispatch them with more brevity than is perhaps just. We shall not, however, conclude, without hearty good wishes for the success of this work, and the hope that it will not be impeded either by the delay of "The Bill," or the progress of the Cholera.

It may be well to add, as there has been some blundering on the subject, that the writer's name is Scargill, and not Scarlet, and that he is, as most people know, who live or breathe out of the coterie, a dissenting minister of Bury St. Edmunds.

#### STANDARD NOVELS.

*Frankenstein*, and *The Ghost Seer*. Vol. IX.—*The Ghost Seer*, and *Edgar Huntley*. Vol. X.—London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

TO this cheap and valuable work we have but one objection—the illustrations by Mr. Von Holst are not at all to our taste. The objection, however, is trifling, seeing that the work would be cheap and valuable without illustrations. An introductory preface by Mrs. Shelley is a very pleasant addition to 'Frankenstein'; and we are right glad to see that some of the novels of Brockden Brown are to be admitted into the

series. It is justly observed, in the Biographical Memoir prefixed to 'Edgar Huntley,' "that to read, for the first time, one of Brown's best romances, is a memorable circumstance in an intellectual life." Among all the distinguished writers of whom America can boast, there is not one who takes so deep and fearful a hold of the feelings of the reader as Brockden Brown; and though he dallies too much with the improbable to satisfy the after-judgment, the first feeling on reading one of his novels is not likely to be forgotten.

#### ROSCOE'S NOVELIST'S LIBRARY.

*Tom Jones*. Vol. 5, 6.—London, 1831. Cochran & Co.

THIS is another work we especially patronize. Here we welcome our old friends and rejoice in their good fortune and splendid appearance. Cruikshank is capital. Western, in the kennel of hoop-petticoats, is most ridiculous and most pitiable; the noise of his lady-cousins, and the chorus of little dogs and macaws, seem to penetrate the tympanum of our own ears. The work has a neat little etching of Fielding, from a sketch by Hogarth, and a pleasant compact Biographical Notice by the Editor.

*The Family Topographer, being a Compendious Account of the Ancient and Present State of the Counties of England*. By Samuel Tymms. Vol. I. Home Circuit. London, 1832. Nichols & Son.

OUR antiquarians are becoming a very sensible and useful generation;—they have put aside their old cumbrous quartos, and left off their garrulous gossip—they now cut their coats according to the fashion, and model themselves upon the Utilitarian system of the nineteenth century. Here is a most useful little work, that every man in the five counties of Essex, Hertfordshire, Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, would desire to have, containing all the veritable history of his neighbourhood, and maps of the several counties, compressed into a neat, tasty volume, for five shillings.

*The Geographical Annual*. London, Bull.

THIS volume so exactly resembles the 'Family Cabinet Atlas,' that we cannot even now distinguish between them. They are twin brothers; and all the commendation we have bestowed on the one, as the several parts were published, may be transferred, with perfect justice, to the other. Whether under the name of a Geographical Annual, or a Family Cabinet Atlas, it is a very excellent work, and a becoming and valuable present to a young student.

*An Introductory Lecture delivered at King's College, London*. By J. F. Daniell, Professor of Chemistry.

*An Introductory Lecture delivered at King's College, London*. By J. J. Park, Professor of English Law and Jurisprudence. London, 1831. Fellowes.

WE made honourable mention of the former of these works when the lecture was delivered—and we are glad to see it in print. The latter is not an unworthy associate, and both do credit to the College.

*Torini; a Tale of Italy*. London, 1831. Rolandi.

THE progress and development of this little tale disappointed us. It opens pleasantly, and there is throughout evidence of a cultivated mind; but it ends in unnatural horrors—its misery is all "above proof."

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## A MONOLOGUE DURING ONE CIGAR.

HERE, in this comfortable easy chair, in front of this blazing fire, I shall indulge in a glass of Schedam punch, a cigar, and a monologue. Fools are they who entertain the idea, that it is only the insane who talk to themselves. Better, surely, it is to hold converse with an old familiar crony, of whom you have so exalted an opinion as every wise man has of himself, than to utter your good things to the unhearing ears, and listen in return to the inefable drivelings of any respectable soporific gentleman who may chance to be on the opposite side of the table. For my own part, I detest what people call conversation: if I cannot have it all to myself, I never open my mouth. But when I am alone, and not a soul within ear-shot "how I do talk, ye gods! how I do talk!"

On such occasions I find myself sublimely eloquent; the extent of my information and the universality of my knowledge, excites my own astonishment: and how much more delightful is this agreement between wisdom and admiration, than the interruptions met with among a rush of talkers, where a chronological blockhead breaks the thread of your speculation by correcting a date, or an historical gentleman thinks it becoming to assure you that the battle of the Nile preceded Trafalgar, when it had suited your argument to assume the contrary. This is all vile. What are dates and facts but the material with which philosophy builds up theories? and if dates and facts won't serve, how much more ingenious to build without them. Now, when alone, I can go on soliloquizing for a whole evening without interruption, and at last drop off into untroubled sleep, again to hold converse with myself in dreams. Who are the cleverest men in Shakespeare's dramas? Hamlet, Brutus, Iago—enough!—are they not all most eloquent when alone? I would here give a word of advice to the players,—never to make postures, gesticulations, or strut and swagger on these occasions: it is not natural. Now, I say it with all modesty, I think I could speak the monologue in 'Hamlet' admirably well; but I would have on my night-cap and dressing-gown, and my feet enshrouded upon the fender. A cigar, perhaps, would be an improvement; for I consider that to be the "bright consummate flower" of all contemplative and monological enjoyments. Mr. Young, I know, does it differently: but he is of the old school—one of your traditional actors, and, I have no doubt, plays it nothing different from those who strutted their hour at the Red Bull two hundred and fifty years ago. But of this no more. I must add a small portion of the "cratur" to my rapidly-diminishing tittle, as the water has acquired a most undue preponderance—glorious!

"Man is a creature principally made up of loves and hatreds"—a nicely made up creature then he must be! Why, ninety-nine men out of every hundred never loved or hated in their lives. What does a rational being, steady to business all day, and enjoying himself cozily of an evening—what does such a man know either of hatred or love? He hates (to the best of his poor ability) duns, tax-gatherers, most of his relations, and all other people who are naturally objects of

dislike: but does the feeling in his breast, even under the exciting influence of an extra bottle, amount to anything deserving what Dr. Johnson would have called the ennobling name of hatred?—Never.—And their loves! Whose heart has been broken among all my acquaintance? who has ever been even depressed in spirits? who has refused to take his glass and sing his song in his turn on the plea of being in love? Man may have a preference for one girl rather than another—he may fancy how pleasant it would be to present his "heart and hand" to the fine fresh-complexioned fascinating creature he has met at so many parties;—but as to being in what ought properly to be called love—poh! poh! nothing of the sort. A tall thin girl, with pale and interesting countenance, would certainly eclipse his former favourite in a week; and we must come to the conclusion, that man is made up of much more sensible materials than loves and hatreds. People delight in saying absurd things philosophically about human nature. Woman too, according to Coleridge or some other heterodox dreamer, is but a commingling of light and smiles. It may be, but I have never seen ladies of this delicate manufacture—light enough to be sure I have seen them when flirting at a ball—smiles also in considerable profusion when they were blest with an irreproachable set of teeth; but smiles and light would make a very poor "sum tottle of the wholl." As I am quite alone, I think I may be allowed to remark, that no one is a more devoted admirer of the ladies than myself. Some indeed I have met who were not particularly pleasant. But the effects of time are wonderful; it spreads itself like a veil of filmy gossamer, hiding any roughnesses which may have struck us at first, and covering the remembrance even of a shrew with a mellowed and almost sanctified beauty. At the distance of a few months all the disagreeables of face and figure are forgotten; and the man lives not who has iniquity enough in his heart to treasure up for more than a fortnight the remembrance of an unpleasing countenance. For my own part, I don't believe there is such a thing in the world as an ordinary-looking woman. In the uncertain haze of a very deceitful memory, I sometimes fancy I have seen rare specimens with faces like gorgons, and forms very unlike the description which Milton gives of Eve's,—“the fairest of earth's daughters,”—but they fade away, and my heart retains no recollection—save of the young and fair. Many ladies I have been introduced to in my time—courteous alike to all have been my compliments; but, at the end of two days, on the average, oblivion, thick as night, has rested on the objects of my attentions. At this moment, I recollect but half a dozen of the "mortal mixtures of earth's mould," who answer to the name of woman; the rest have all betaken themselves to the deepest recesses of oblivious memory. Of these six, I have found it impossible to decide which is the most beautiful. When I summon before my mental vision any one of them, she generally borrows a feature or two from some of the others. I see the white majestic brow of Mariamne—and, in the twinkling of an eye, imagination brings before me the dimples of the light-hearted Jane. In any one countenance, I see a combination of the others; and if I were to be discovered paying an undue share

of attention to one of those "souvenirs" of the "ladye of my love," I should "sing her into smiles again," with a flattering excuse. As my cigar is out, I shall rehearse the song, in case it should ever be required. Hem.

When wandering from thee, love, away,  
Thine image is constantly near,  
And my heart never wishes to stray  
Tho' my lip says another is dear.  
If I praise Kitty's beautiful eyes,  
And swear that her looks are divine,  
Never fancy her beauties I prize—  
'Tis a new way of worshipping thine!

When Isabel, smiling and free,  
Her lip has so playfully shown,  
My heart grew so brimful of thee,  
That I kissed it—'twas so like your own!  
When the blood to her startled cheek rushed,  
And she tried to look angry in vain—  
Then she blush'd so as you would have blush'd,  
That I kiss'd it again and again!

W. J.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 28.—G. B. Greenough, Esq., F.R.S., Vice President, in the chair.—Various extracts were read from Notes on Nubia, and Remarks made in the course of a journey to the Eastern Desert by J. G. Wilkinson, Esq. Considerable interest was excited by an extract from a letter of Mr. Alexander Loudon, communicated to the Society by John Barrow, Esq. The letter contains the account of a visit to a small valley in the island of Java, which is particularly remarkable for its power of destroying in a very short space of time the life of man, or any animal exposed to its atmosphere. It is distant only three miles from Batur, in Java, and on the 4th July 1831, Mr. Loudon, with a party of friends, set out on a visit to it. It is known by the name of Guevo Upas, or Poisoned Valley; and, following a path which had been made for the purpose, the party shortly reached it, with a couple of dogs and some fowls, for the purpose of making experiments. On arriving at the mountain the party dismounted, and scrambled up the side of a hill, a distance of a quarter of a mile, with the assistance of the branches of trees and projecting roots. In consequence of the heavy rain that had fallen in the night, this was rendered more difficult, and occasioned much fatigue. When a few yards from the valley, a strong nauseous and suffocating smell was experienced, but on approaching the margin this inconvenience was no longer found. The scene then presented itself as described as of the most appalling nature. The valley is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, and about thirty or thirty-five feet in depth. The bottom of it appeared to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. The attention of the party was immediately attracted to the number of skeletons of human beings, tigers, boars, deer, and all sorts of birds and wild animals, which lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom of the valley, appeared to be a hard sandy substance, and no vapour was perceived issuing from it, nor any opening through which it might escape, and the sides were covered with vegetation. It was now proposed to enter it, and each of the party, having lit a cigar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening nauseous smell was experienced, without any difficulty in breathing. A dog was now fastened to the end of a bamboo and thrust to the bottom of the valley, while some of the party, with their watches in their hands, observed the effects. At the expiration of fourteen seconds the dog fell off his legs, without moving or looking round, and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog now left the party and went to his companion; on reaching him he was observed to stand quite motionless,

and at the end of ten seconds fell down; he never moved his limbs after, and lived only seven minutes. A fowl was now thrown in, which died in a minute and a half, and another which was thrown after it, died in the space of a minute and a half. A heavy shower of rain fell during the time that these experiments were going forward, which, from the interesting nature of the experiments, was quite disregarded. On the opposite side of the valley to that which was visited, lay a human skeleton, the head resting on the right arm. The effects of the weather had bleached the bones as white as ivory. Two hours were passed in this valley of death, and the party had some difficulty in getting out of it, owing to the rain that had fallen. The human skeletons are supposed to be those of rebels, who have been pursued from the main road, and taken refuge in the valley without their knowledge of the danger to which they were thus exposing themselves.†

The following gentlemen were elected members of the Society:—H. Blanchard, Esq., H. W. Crauford, Esq., R. Blanchard, Esq., Lieut.-Col. Fraser, Hon. E. C. H. Herbert; and the following were proposed for admission:—Hatcher, Esq., of Salisbury; M. Walker, Esq., Joseph Everett, Esq., of Heytesbury; C. Gibbs, Esq., of Bedford Square, and J. T. Elphinstone, Esq., of York Terrace, Regent's Park.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

The anniversary meeting took place on Wednesday last, when his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was re-elected President; John William Lubbock, Esq., Treasurer; Peter Mark Roget, M.D., and John George Children, Esq., Secretaries; Charles König, Esq., Foreign Secretary.

The following is a list of the New Council; and those whose name are in italics, are the new members. Peter Barlow, Esq., *John Bostock, M.D., Samuel Hunter Christie, Esq., Rev. Henry Coddington, Charles Daubeny, M.D., George Dollond, Esq., Davies Gilbert, Esq., Joseph Henry Green, Esq., Rev. Dr. Buckland, William George Maton, M.D., Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., Rev. George Peacock, George Rennie, Esq., Captain W. H. Smyth, R.N., Rev. William Whewell, Nicholas A. Vigors, Esq.*

The Copley Medal was awarded to Professor Airy, of Cambridge.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 30.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President, in the Chair.—The following candidates for admission, were elected Fellows of the Society. Lord Teynham, Alexander Logan, Esq., Sir Thomas Winnington, Bart., Thomas Egerton, Esq., George Stewart Nicholson, Esq., W. Long Wrey, Esq., and Colonel Wingfield.

A paper by Capt. Edward Cooke, R.N., on the geology of the Southern Provinces of Spain, was begun. A letter was also read from Leonard Horner, Esq., V.P.G.S., addressed to the President, containing translations from the accounts published by Hoffman, in the Preussische Staats Zeitung, of the New Volcanic Island in the Mediterranean, and on its connexion with the extinct Volcanic Island of Pantellaria, and the hot springs and vapour baths of Sciacca, on the coast of Sicily. This communication was illustrated by specimens of the new island, sent home by Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, and presented to the Society by John Barrow, Esq., and by another similar series, also presented to the Society, by Dr. Daubeny, of Oxford.

Among the other contributors to the museum and library, were Dr. Buckland, Miss Benett,

† The effects, as here described, are identical with those at the Grotto del Cane, at Naples, and no doubt arise from the same cause. These seem more strange in an open valley; but the mephitic air at the Grotto is so heavy, that you may stand upright without inconvenience, as it rises but a few inches above the surface.

S. P. Pratt, Esq., W. S. Henwood, Esq., M. Meyer, the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, and the Hon. S. Van Reusselaer, of the United States.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The usual monthly meeting was held on Thursday last, Edward Turner Bennett, Esq., in the chair.—The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. The Secretary's report, stated the receipts of the month of November to be 446l. 5s. 6d., and the balance in hand, 1238l. 17s. 6d., independent of the monthly money invested in the funds, which exceeded 1700l. The number of visitors to the Museum, was 518, and to the Gardens, 4538.

Ten candidates were balloted for and elected; and Woodbine Parish, W. Willsher, R. Burchier, and E. W. A. Drummond Hay, Esqs., were elected corresponding members. Various donations to the library, museum, and menagerie, were announced.

#### WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The contagious or non-contagious character of Cholera has occupied this Society's attention since our last report. We should have given our usual epitome of the proceedings, had we not conceived sufficient notoriety to have been obtained by the reports published in the daily journals. The majority of the Society appeared to think the disease at least contingently contagious.

On Saturday last, Dr. Johnson, in a series of luminous propositions, introduced, 'The Nature and Treatment of Cholera Morbus.' The identity of the Sunderland pestilence with the Russian and Indian, was clearly established; and an equal similarity between it and the cholera spasmodica, of Sydenham, or the sporadic form of the disease as occasionally observed in this country, attempted to be supported; the influence of bleeding in the warm bath, and especially the administration of mustard as an emetic, was highly extolled by Mr. Boyle, who has watched the complaint very extensively. An ingenious apparatus for the speedy application of hot air, invented by Mons. Le Beaume, was submitted to the inspection of the Society. Drs. Thomson, Webster, Gregory, and Whiting, spoke very ably on the subject; and the discussion was adjourned to the next meeting, when Dr. O'Shaughnessy will read a paper on the introduction of oxygen gas into the veins as a means of relief in this complaint.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	{ Phenological Society ..... Eight, P.M. Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	{ Lunæan Society ..... Eight, P.M. Horticultural Society ..... One, P.M.
WEDNES.	{ Royal Society of Literature .. Three, P.M. Society of Arts ..... } past 8, P.M.
THURSD.	{ Royal Society ..... } past 8, P.M. Society of Antiquaries ..... Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY,	Astronomical Society ..... Eight, P.M.
SATURD.	Westminster Medical Society, Eight, P.M.

#### A NEW VARIETY OF THE HUMAN SPECIES.

ONE of the subjects brought before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, on the 7th ult., was a notice 'On a new Variety of the Human Species,' by M. Dureau de Lamalle.

Winckelmann (observed M. de L.) has pointed out, that the ear occupies a higher position on the heads of the Egyptian statues, than on those of the Grecian; and he has endeavoured to account for this singular variation, by supposing that the Egyptian sculptors distinguished the ears of their sovereigns, from the same motive which induced the Greeks to exaggerate the perpendicular line of the facial angle in the heads of their divinities. And I, myself, in May last, (continued M. de L.) when visiting the

museum at Turin, which has become so rich a deposit of Egyptian antiquities since the purchase of Drovetti's collection, was struck with this singularity in the position of the ear. It was found in every one of the statues of Phta, Meris, Osmyandros, Rameses, and Sesostris; all of whom were obviously of Arabian or Egypto-Caucasian extraction. At this very time, the gentlemen of the museum had just unrolled six mummies, which had been obtained from the tombs in Upper Egypt; and I was anxious to ascertain, whether the Egyptian artists had disfigured nature, or faithfully transferred her features into their works; and I was exceedingly surprised to observe, in the case of thirty heads of mummies, whose facial angle corresponded with that of the European, that this auricular aperture—though, upon drawing a horizontal line, it stands amongst ourselves upon a level with the lower extremity of the nose—was placed, in these Egyptian crania, on a level with the meridian line of the eyes. Towards the region of the temples, likewise, the head is found always more depressed than amongst our own species, and this I conceive to arise from the auricular aperture being more elevated. Comparatively also with the European crania, this elevation appeared, in the mummies, of which I am speaking, to be between an inch and a half and two inches greater. My first impression was, that this remarkable diversity, or *new species*, (if I may venture to use the expression) of the Caucasian race, had become extinct during the lapse of the twenty or four and twenty centuries which have transpired since the times in which the Egyptians, whose embalmed heads were then before me, had been deposited in the tombs of Thebes. But I think that I am, at present, warranted in affirming, that this variety, which exhibits so striking an anomaly in the conformation of the temples, and the position of the ears, is still extant in Egypt; and I am astonished that the fact should have escaped the attention of so many men of science, who have pored over the crania of mummies; and been passed unheeded by the host of travellers who have explored Upper Egypt. I shall now refer to a Copt from that district, who affords a striking instance of this singular conformation, which may be esteemed a genuine Egyptian type. Elias Bector, who lived twenty years in this country (France), and was professor of common Arabic, is the individual to whom I allude. I was intimate with him, and never saw him without being involuntarily struck with the height of his ears, which rose like two small horns on his head. He reminded me of Michael Angelo's Moses, in whose case the artist has probably endowed him with two small horns, for no other reason than that the prominence of his ears was a distinguishing characteristic of his race. I leave it to anatomists to trace the diversities in proportions, which this peculiar configuration of the bony case of the cranium must produce in the volume of the brain. The Hebrew race resemble the Egyptian in many respects, and have preserved themselves free from intermixture. I have gone into the inquiry myself, and have observed, in the instance of M. Carmoli, a Jew, and professor of Hebrew, that the ear, though not placed so high as in the case of the mummies and Copts of Upper Egypt, was manifestly higher than in our own crania. I therefore, conceive, that these special and constant characteristics, of greater elevation in the auricular aperture and greater depression in the temples, are adequate to establish a novel variety in the Caucasian race, or a subordinate species, which may be termed "Egyptian"; and that its most proximate branches are the Hebrew and the Phœnician and Arabian races.



OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE  
AND ART.

It is with deep sorrow that we hear the Author of *Waverley* say, at the end of his new romances, "Gentle reader, these are in all probability the last tales which it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable, that at the term of years he has already attained, 'the bowl,' to use the pathetic language of Scripture, 'would have been broken at the fountain.' He is now in a finer climate than ours, and may it return him to us with renewed health and strength: he cannot be called an old man: some of the noblest monuments of genius have been reared by men much older.

We see that a war of sparring and sharp-shooting has commenced between the *New Monthly Magazine* and *Fraser's*: all we will venture to say on the matter is, to repeat the wish of the Hibernian, when he heard that his countrymen had rebelled, and that General Lake had taken the field against them, "Why then good weather to them, say I." We dislike anything like ill blood in literature. On looking over the monthly announcement of new works, we see some valuable reprints promised, but little that promises to be original. The love for cheap works is spreading in the land; but, much as we desire knowledge to find its way into every rank and condition, we cannot help feeling that much of the literature of the day is becoming shallow and crude.

At a meeting of the Associated Painters in Water Colours, on Wednesday last, Mr. Copley Fielding was elected President, Mr. R. Hill, Secretary, and Mr. F. Mackenzie, Treasurer.

On the tenth of this month the medals given by the Royal Academy to the cleverest students will be distributed: we have already stated the subjects to which gold medals will be awarded; silver medals will be given for the best Drawings and Models of Academy Figures, done in the Royal Academy, and for the best accurate-figured drawings of the front of the London University, done from actual measurements, carefully finished and washed; to be as large as a whole sheet of double elephant will admit; with a rough outline, giving the dimensions, attested to be their own performance by any one of the Academicians, or any other professor of reputation resident in London. The first medal in each of these classes will be accompanied with a copy of the Lectures of the professors, Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, handsomely bound and inscribed. Three silver medals will also be given for the best Drawings, and three silver medals for the best Models of a Statue or Groupe in the Antique Academy, to be selected and set out by the keeper for that purpose. The first medal in each of these classes will be accompanied with a copy of Fuseli's and Opie's Lectures, handsomely bound and inscribed. Two silver medals for the best copies made in the School of Painting. The first medal to be accompanied by the Lectures of the professors, Barry, Opie, and Fuseli; unless the student to whom the premium may be adjudged shall have previously acquired them in the Academy. A silver medal will also be given for the best Medal Die, to be cut in steel, from the Head of Melpomene, in the Royal Academy. The size to be not less than one inch and a quarter in diameter, to be accompanied with an impression in wax.

The candidates entered their names in the

keeper's book,—those in the Painting School on the 1st of August; those in the Antique and Life Academies on the 1st of October. No student in the Life may become a candidate in the Antique class; nor can any student who has already obtained a medal in any class receive a similar or an inferior medal in that class. The students in the Life Academy began their Drawings, or Models, on Monday the 10th of October, the visitor set the model in the same attitude for six nights successively; and on Monday the 17th of October, the model was set in another attitude, and was continued for six nights. The Paintings, Drawings, and Models, were delivered to the keeper on or before the 1st of November. All the students who are candidates for the premiums of the gold medals attended on Tuesday the 15th of November, in the Royal Academy, and gave proof of their abilities by making a sketch of a given subject in the presence of the keeper; the time allowed for making these sketches was five hours. The candidates for the Historical Picture made their sketches in oil colours.

## FINE ARTS

*The English Girl.* Painted by Newton; engraved by Doo. London 1831. Moon, Boys, & Graves.

This sweet picture appeared three or four years ago in the 'Souvenir;' and we believe that proof impressions have frequently sold for more than double the publishing price of the volume. The present engraving is on a much larger scale, and is most beautiful: the expressive beauty of the face is most delicately given by Mr. Doo. If we were to object, it would be to the left hand and arm, which are comparatively hard.

## THEATRICALS

## COVENT GARDEN.

"WHAT will Miss Shirreff do?" has been the leading question in theatrical circles for some time past. It would be too much to say, that we can answer this question: but it is our duty to report what she has done, and what we are prepared for.

Miss Shirreff has a good person, and a pleasing and intelligent face. Her walk was somewhat constrained, as, from the novelty of her situation, it was very likely to be; but her arms were free from the disinclination, usual in such cases, to quit her sides, and she used them with considerable grace and propriety. There was a general want of animation about her when she was not singing; but we see no reason to doubt that animation will come with the necessary experience. Her voice is good, round, flexible, and pleasing,—particularly in the middle and upper parts: the lower tones are at present weak, and, indeed, the whole voice is, perhaps, scarcely powerful enough for so large a theatre; but practice may do all that is requisite for both. Her execution is very neat and sometimes brilliant—her ear evidently good. The effects of good teaching were obvious; perhaps too much so: but this, if she has a real soul for music, will wear off. We are anxious to encourage a young lady of so much promise; and we shall not, therefore, at present, draw any comparison between her and competitors who have the advantage of experience, which it is impossible for her now to possess. Miss Shirreff was loudly, generally, and deservedly applauded; and we heard no expressions but those of satisfaction at the acquisition which the theatre had made. We ought not to omit to notice in the debutante, a most gratifying absence of all contortion of countenance while she is singing. The operation, even in the severest passages, seems to be

performed with great ease; and, notwithstanding the little mercy shown by injudicious friends as to encores, her voice was as fresh at the close of the evening, as at the commencement.

The opera, as to the other parts, was better cast than at Drury Lane. We had Wilson *versus* Templeton—Braham *v.* Wood: and the last cause in the paper was H. Cawse *v.* Pearson. In each of these cases we must announce a verdict for the plaintiff.

Mr. Braham has lost nothing of his vigour: some of his effects were electrical; and, had we never seen the opera before, we think we could have taken down every single word of his part as he sung it. The charming tones of Miss H. Cawse's voice were never heard to more advantage; and we were pleased to see that she made a strong impression on the house. She may date a well-merited move in public estimation from Thursday evening. It is but just to remark that Miss Horton acquitted herself most creditably in *Semira*.

## ADELPHI THEATRE.

We apologized last week to the Adelphi, for not noticing the new piece called 'The Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish'—this week we suppose we must apologize for noticing it, because we are compelled to speak, as to parts of it, in indifferently terms. It is said to be taken from Mr. Cooper's novel called 'The Borderers,' if so, it is to be hoped, for the sake of those who have read or may hereafter read the novel, that what remains is better than what is abstracted. The story may have been clearly told in the book, but in that case the dramatist has got it into a terrible tangle in winding it off. The scene is in America; and the time chosen, is shortly after the restoration of Charles the Second. Two of the Regicides have fled to one of the settlements, and are pursued thither by a party of the Cavaliers. The pursuit, capture, escape, re-capture, and second escape of one of them, *Major Gough*, are the main features of the piece. The principal character is played by Madlle. Celeste. She is one of the Major's two daughters; and she first disguises herself as a cavalier to aid her father's escape, and afterwards makes a bungle, by which he is re-taken, and which does not seem to be at all necessary for any purpose except to furnish an excuse for a second act. In the interval between the two, a lapse of ten years is supposed to take place—*Why*, it is impossible to guess. However, so it is, and then we find the young lady the established and loving wife of an Indian chief. The dumbness, which she assumed ten years before to aid her plans, has somehow befallen her in reality, and she is stated to have no recollection of her former friends or mode of life. Her father and sister come in search of her. Her husband, having been vanquished by another chief, is condemned, after the Indian fashion, to die by his conqueror's hand—and a pleasant little appointment is made between them to meet at sun-set, for this purpose. In the meantime an interview takes place between all the principal parties—the sister sings the wife into a recollection of her family by an air of her childhood—the husband takes his leave of them, bequeathing his wife to their care, and retires with his child to be shot. The last scene is the spot appointed for the execution—the sun-set arrives—and so do the two chiefs—and so does the wife, who has been unable to keep her resolution of remaining with her family. A parting takes place—the condemned Indian pushes his wife from him, and then the novel kind of duel follows, in which the firing is all on one side; unfortunately, besides being all on one side, it has the additional and very Indian property of being *straight*, and the chief falls dead—all parties arrive—the infant is produced to the distracted mother, who recovers her reason and her speech

only to pronounce the words "my child," and then die.

It will be observed, that there is in this last scene a situation of strong interest, and if it had been led to in any way of reasonable probability, it would, no doubt, have been very effective. As it is, even, the admirable acting of Madlle. Celeste forces one to forget much of the absurdity. Her exertions, throughout, (and they are by no means trifling, even in a bodily point of view,) are highly creditable to her. She goes through her melo-dramatic action with much grace and intelligence;—she dances with great agility, and extraordinary power of limb, though her dancing has more of the Taglioni than the Squaw in it; and she fights most manfully. A useful lesson may be learned from her, in this last particular, by those English actresses whose duties may place them in a similar situation. Madlle. Celeste handles her sword as if it were a sword, and not a netting-needle, and cuts at her adversary as if she said to herself, "I'll cut you in half if I can;" and not, "I've a great mind to scratch you, that I have." There is a great deal of amusement in this piece, notwithstanding its tissue of impossibilities. Our principal objection is to its want of  *vraisemblance* . There is little or nothing American about it. The scenery has not the American character; and the Indians are like anything but what they are intended for. Even Mr. O. Smith, who, as the chief, made himself look something like one, is altogether out in his department. Did he not see those who exhibited some years ago at the English Opera House? and if so, why has he not, with his tact, caught something of the quiet, (pigeon-toed), sly, slinking *slope* of their gait? At all events, we calculate, that if he had to walk a dozen miles through the black swamp, making his way over trunks of trees of all sizes, which storms and decay had placed there as his only road, he would either avoid his melo-dramatic strides, or get most tarnationally slushed in the immortal mire. Mr. John Reeve has a comic part, much of the same nature as several which he has recently played. He is always amusing, and does his best with this. We are obliged to reprobate certain indecencies which he utters. He has quite a sufficient fund of humour, without depending for a laugh upon expressions which make well-ordered females turn their heads away. At the same time, we must say, that if improprieties of this sort are to be permitted at all, Mr. Reeve is perhaps the best person on the stage to utter them; for, from the manner in which he gives them, the grossness is almost lost in the excessive humour.

This house continues to be well attended, and 'Victorine' continues its attraction. Too much praise cannot be given to Mrs. Yates. We know not how a truer or a better picture could be drawn. The audience follow her with intense interest throughout, and seem at the end as much relieved and as lighted-hearted as she is herself. Mr. O. Smith's dying scene in this piece, is also highly worthy of being seen. It is a fine study after nature.

#### To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Sir,—Your theatrical critic has thought fit to be what he thinks facetious upon my calling Mr. T. Welsh—Tom; my answer is, that Mr. Welsh called me "Bill" before ever I called him "Tom."

I am, Sir, Yours for a penny,  
BILL,  
Of Covent Garden Theatre.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Public Debts.**—In the brief interval between the years 1816 and 1823 inclusive, the public debt of France was increased by a nominal capital of 79,952,000*l*. Between the years 1803 and 1815, the public debt of Great Britain was augmented by a sum of 491,940,407*l*.

**Stephens' Greek Thesaurus.**—The first part of the new edition, announced some time since in the *Athenæum*, has just been delivered from Didot's press, at Paris. It will extend to twenty-eight or thirty similar parts; and, though enriched by comments and contributions from the most learned Grecians in every country in Europe, the expense of the whole work will not exceed four hundred francs (18*l*. sterling). The Academy of Inscriptions & Belles Lettres have analyzed this first part, and presented a detailed report upon it, in which it is commended, in the highest terms of approbation, to the patronage of the learned.

**What to do with a box on the ear.**—It is related by Thomasius, in his 'Juristical Transactions,' that a gentleman having received a box on the ear one dark night, lodged a formal complaint of the assault before the magistrates the next morning, and insisted, that the offender, whose very name and person were unknown to him, should be cited to answer for the outrage! This, however, was not enough for our man of choler, and he must needs lay his case before the senate of the University of Leipzig; who, after due consideration, thus enounced their decision:—"An individual, having received a box on the ear, and not knowing what hand hath given it, remaineth under an obligation to stand possessed thereof."

**Fatalism** is so generally exploded, that its advocates are seldom listened to with tolerance;—yet, occasionally through life, we meet with occurrences which in some degree keep alive a half belief in its existence. Perhaps an instance rarely occurs, where it was so fatally confirmed, as in poor Sweeting, a private in the — Regiment of Foot. This man, some time prior to the event, had been reduced to the ranks, having been pay-sergeant to his company: this, or some other circumstance, had so preyed on his mind, that his spirits forsook him; and he became possessed with the idea that he had but a short time to live. The writer was on outlying picquet on the French side of the Pyrenees, late on an October evening in 1813, when the Field Officer of the day came his rounds. The officer had but lately arrived from England: this, and his not being aware of the friendly manner in which the outpost duty of the two armies was carried on, made him extremely cautious. Near the right of our line from the Maya Pass, was a bridge of a single plank rudely thrown over the stream which separates France and Spain. The bridge had not been occupied by either army, but each had placed sentries, by which it was commanded, and all possibility of passing it unobserved precluded. The Field Officer, as stated before, was fresh from England: perhaps he imagined that his predecessors were not aware of the importance of this point—at any rate, he at once determined upon its occupation. It was suggested, that we had been nearly four months in our present position, and that, by our making any attempts on this point, we might draw on a fire along the whole line. No matter! the order was imperative, and obedience the only course. —On returning to the picquet, and ordering the first number for sentry—it proved Sweeting! On receiving orders respecting the bridge, he said, "I all along knew my time was near; it is now come; I have always been a good soldier, and shall die without regret." On his arrival at the spot, the French sentinel motioned to him to retire—Sweeting was firm—the French sentinel fired, and the next moment poor Sweeting rolled a corpse in the stream below.—From the *MS. Journal of an Officer*.

**Tenaciousness of Life.**—A state prisoner, recently condemned to perish by starvation in the dungeons of Smyrna, was found alive after eight and twenty days' incarceration! The unhappy

wretch confessed that he had prolonged existence by the aid of a box of wafers, in which he had likewise deposited a little piece of gum and a third part of a stick of sealing-wax. After using the greatest economy in availing himself of his little but inestimable store, he was reduced to the alternative of consuming the villainous cardboard, of which the box itself was made; and when he was found alive, even this alimant had dwindled down to a remnant of the cover!—His ultimate fate has been a commutation of his punishment.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W.&Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 24	57 44	29.70	S.	Clear.
Fr. 25	55 48	29.78	S.W.	Moist p.m.
Sat. 26	50 31	29.85	N.W.toNE.	Cloudy.
Sun. 27	45 56	30.15	E.	Ditto.
Mon. 28	39 27	30.30	N.W.	Ditto.
Tues. 29	38.25 28.5	30.40	Var.	Ditto.
Wed. 30	46 7	30.25	N.W.	Rain.

*Prevailing Cloud—Cirrostratus.*

Nights, fair excepting Friday. Mornings fair.

Mean temperature of the week, 42°.

#### Athenæum Advertisement.

##### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

**Forthcoming.**—The Robber, by the Author of *Charley, the Fatalist*, will be published in a few days. Eugene Aram, by the Author of *Pelham*, Paul Clifford, &c., 3 vols.

The Opera, a Story of the Beau Monde, by the Author of 'Mothers and Daughters,' 3 vols.

Coming Out, a tale of Modern Life, by Miss A. M. Porter, 2 vols.

M. Cohen has completed a New Concordance to the Hebrew Scriptures, pointed throughout, which includes the proper names and particles.

Mr. C. Turner, A.R.A., is engraving a half-length portrait of the Right Hon. Sir John Key, Bart., Lord Mayor of the City of London, from an original picture by Mrs. Pearson.

Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine, Edited by J. Forbes, M.D., F.R.S., Alex. Tweedie, M.D., J. Connolly, M.D.

**Just published.**—Tales of my Landlord, 4th series, (Count Robert of Paris, &c.), 4 vols. 12mo. 2*l*. 2*s*.—Rev. Robert Hall's Works, Vol. 5, 8vo. 12*s*.—Valpy's Classical Library, Vol. 24 (Plutarch, Vol. 2), 18mo. 4*s*. 6*d*.—Hughes's Divines, Vol. 19 (Hall's Contemplations), Vol. 2, 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.—Gilpin and Valpy's Anthologia Sacra; or, Select Theological Extracts, 8vo. 1*l*. 4*s*.—Elliott's Travels in the North of Europe, 8vo. 13*s*.—Wallace's Treatise on Geometry, 12mo. 5*s*.—Hack's Geological Sketches, 8vo. 9*s*.—Fanny and her Mother, 18mo. 1*s*. 6*d*.—Knight's Mary Gray, 18mo. 2*s*.—Anecdotes of Hogarth, Part I, 8vo. 6*s*.; India paper, 9*s*.—Boyle on Fevers of the Western Coast of Africa, 8vo. 12*s*.—Cooke's Hints on Fever, 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*.—Polytechnic Library, Vol. 2 (Domestic Chemist), 18mo. 4*s*.—Thorsby's Correspondence, 2 Vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 8*s*.—Romance and Reality, by L. E. L. 3 vols. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.—Standard Novels, Vol. 10 (Conclusion of the Ghost Story, and Edgar Huntley), 12mo. 6*s*.—Gill's Family Prayers, 18mo. 1*s*. 6*d*.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

We have been fortunate enough this week to make a purchase of several of the early numbers which we could not heretofore supply, and therefore, such persons as desire to complete their sets, should send immediately to the office.

Thanks to J. E.—G. B.—A contributor.

Our American friends must contrive some means of having their letters, &c., delivered free at our office. The packet from Philadelphia, though put into the post-office at Liverpool, was charged 1*l*. 8*s*. We regret to add, that letters cannot be received unless post-paid. It would ruin the Bank—at any rate our Bank.

The question respecting the announcement of Miss Smith, is not worth another word. We stated our own opinion last week.

Several new works must still remain over. The Essay upon National Character, by the late Richard Chenevix, arrived too late for review this week.—Indeed, from the substantial appearance of these two handsome volumes, we suspect that they will require some consideration.

J. K. B. must have especial thanks.

**Erratum.**—In the advertisement of 'Corn Law Rhymes,' inserted last week, the publisher's name (*Steitt, Paternoster Row*) was omitted by mistake.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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